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SISTERS OF MERCY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

OURNEYING through Pennsylvania recently in company with Prof John Hart the elocutionist, the devoted Sisters were mentioned, when, in eloquent terms, the Professor apostrophized them as the "Daughters of God." His words brought to the writer's mind a bed of sickness upon the tented field, when, although a Protestant, amid the roar of cannon and the bursting of shell, he was nursed back to life by Sister Agatha; and these lines were called forth in gratitude for that true Christianity which is broader than church or creed.

"Daughters of God!" Sisters of Agnus Dei!
The Lamb of God that takes away our sin;
How shall be lifted up His Gates of Glory
That loving souls like yours may enter in!
Again I feel your touch upon my forehead,
As erst it soothed my hours of fevered pain;
Your tender consolations heal my sickness,
Your ministrations come to me again.

You knew no sect—you only knew God's image
Lay prone before you, suffering the loss,
And in the form in agony extended
You saw His form who died upon the cross.

O tender faith is yours! with mass and censer:
The Puritan brought mine across the sea;
Yet for your sake the priestly cowl and garment
And cross-crowned spire are very near to me.

What matters it, the outward form of worship?
(If yours is right, then must my own be wrong.)
I only know your works on earth shall gladden,
And swell the chorus of the angels' song.

Sisters of Mercy! sisters of the dying!
How tenderly ye hover by the bed;
What prayers ye utter as the soul is passing,
What tender pleading breathe above the dead!

Holy the vows that constitute you Sisters
To all the suffering, when their sufferings plead,
His sign is on you—yours the sacred calling
That knows no sect, nor heeds the bar of creed.
Ye find your strength in consecrated masses,
I worship Him in simpler form of prayer;
I see your deeds, and know through years eternal
To yonder heaven their record they shall bear.

"Daughters of God!" Sisters of Agnus Dei!
Sisters of Mercy, yours the cross and crown!
How great shall be your recompense in heaven
For all the pleasures that you here lay down!
Not yours my faith, but still I see its beauty,
And know that Christ himself is at the root;
How can men scoff at any tree whatever,
Which in its branches bears such precious fruit?

GERONIMO,

OR THE FETTERS OF FATE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF HENRI CONSCIENCE FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY DUDLEY WINTHROP MOORE.

CHAPTER III—CONTINUED.

"No! no!" he groaned. "Order; I will obey you blindly; I accept the lot I cannot avoid. I have never committed murder yet; may this be the first and the last. Signor, you will take his blood on yourself, won't you? Tell me when I must do this horrible task."

"This very day, Julio."

"To-day, already!"

"To-morrow it would be too late."

"Well, speak; the sooner the better.

"To-morrow is the first day of May Geronimo intends to serenade Maria Van den Werve to-night. Two lutanists will accompany him, alone. I promised him I would go with him; but, instead of going, I will take to my bed at the factory, under the plea of feeling unwell. All the servants will know that I spent the night at home. Put on the old Spanish cowl that has been hanging in the garret for the past five years; no one will know you in this guise. Be in the vicinity of the Dominican convent—Hoboken street—say half-past ten. There is a well there, which Geronimo must pass twice, going and coming. Hide behind the well until Geronimo approaches in the dark; then throw yourself upon him and give him his death-blow. To make sure, give him several hearty thrusts. Lutanists are cowards, so they will take to their heels. On Geronimo's body you will find a portfolio, which he carries in his doublet on the left breast; in this portfolio is a writing which he stole from me by artifice. Then leave the spot at once, and take to the obscure streets—darkness will screen you. Don't forget the portfolio."

Julio's face depicted stupefaction and fright; during the unfolding of this horrible plan he had kept his eyes fixed on his master's lips, and now he remained silent, still looking at him fixedly.

"Well," said his master, "isn't it a sagely conceived affair?"

"Astonishing—astonishing!" murmured the servant, lowering his eyes.

"So you are ready to risk the blow? But who do you stand there moving from side to side like a pendulum? Are you afraid?"

"No, no; let me reflect a little," stammered Julio. "It strikes me, master," he said shortly, raising his head, "that your present plan is very dangerous for yourself. Suppose Geronimo sees me too soon and defends himself—suppose the lutanists happen to be courageous men—I might be wounded or seized; all this is possible. I would be broken on the wheel or burnt alive without fail. That doesn't alarm me, however, for it would give me little concern if my death could be of service to you. I am your servant, and everybody knows it; and as I can have no motives for hatred or vengeance against a cavalier who has never spoken a harsh word to me, you would be suspected at once of having ordered me to commit this murder."

"And I presume you would betray me?" broke in Turchi bitterly.

"Betray you? That wouldn't save me, signor; but, once on the rack, my tongue might pronounce your name in spite of my will."

Turchi paced the room several times, muttering between his teeth in deep despair. His servant watched him from the corner of his eye, while a triumphant smile lit up his features.

Finally, Simone paused in the middle of the room. The cicatrix on his cheek seemed to burn, and his eyes were haggard and wild.

"Ah!" he cried, "then I would be irremediably ruined. The world would offer me naught but misery and ignominy! Julio, Julio! how is the arm-chair progressing?"

"The arm-chair? Was it destined to entrap Geronimo?" asked the amazed servant. "The work is going on all right. What did you mean to say, signor?"

"No, no, the arm-chair would come too late," muttered Simone Turchi in a feverish voice. "I wish to hear nothing more. You must wait for Geronimo to-night, and kill him. Do you understand? To-night—you must! I am determined!"

"I know the means of reaching the same end without risk for either of us, signor," said the servant.

"Ah! do you speak the truth? Come, make haste—the means!"

"I know a giant who lives in St. Andre's parish. He's a perfect Hercules in strength; his name is Brufferio. He'll do anything for money. Tell him you want to see someone beaten unmercifully, wounded or killed; it's all the same to him. He always carries out his mission to the satisfaction of those who pay, and never betrays a secret. He has three or four fearless companions that do the same business. You can trust them, too. If you will give me some money for the knave, you may set your mind at rest at once. Brufferio will think that I am acting for myself, prompted by a strong desire for revenge; and as he doesn't know me, neither of us can be suspected or accused if the affair doesn't succeed."

Julio's words seemed to surprise Simone, and he began to reflect in silence. Little by little a smile appeared on his lips, and it was evident that the means proposed were regarded by him in a favorable light. He opened his purse and put four gold pieces in Julio's hand.

"Is that enough?" he asked.

"You are joking, signor," replied the servant. "Four gold crowns for a nobleman's life!"

Simone gave him four pieces more.

"And now?" he said.

"It's not enough yet."

"How much do you think you need?"

"I don't know. Twenty crowns, perhaps."

"Twenty? I have but fifteen with me, and a little change."

"Give me all, signor. If I don't have enough, I'll be obliged to come back without having concluded the matter."

Simone heaved a deep sigh and emptied the contents of his purse into Julio's hand.

"If there is any surplus, be sure you return it to me."

"Certainly; but I don't believe there will be much."

"Come, Julio; I am in a hurry to return to the factory. Fulfill your errand cleverly and I will reward you well. Hold! a thought strikes me. We forgot the portfolio. It must not fall into the hands of this wretched Brufferio."

"I didn't think of that," said Julio with embarrassment.

"Good! I have it!" exclaimed Simone Turchi after a moment. "Go to Geronimo's house a little before ten o'clock. Say to him merely that I have a fever, and sent you in my place to accompany him, armed. Follow him closely, and, when he falls, take the portfolio from him. Have an understanding about this with Brufferio; tell him it's an unimportant paper."

Julio made a grimace on receiving this fresh injunction. He had already rejoiced at the turn the affair had taken, thinking he was to escape from all participation in the treacherous assault, and now he was ordered to take some sort of part in it; but, having been wrought up to a high pitch of apprehension by his master's threat, he dared show no further resistance.

"Go now to the garret," said Simone Turchi, "and get the Spanish cowl. Don't forget a sword, for, if you are to accompany Geronimo armed, you must certainly carry a weapon."

The servant took the lamp from the table, and was on the point of leaving to obey this order, when his master stopped him.

"Do you intend to leave me in the dark?" said Simone. "Are you afraid to go to the garret now without a light?"

"I would knock against the beams. I've forgotten where the cowl hangs."

"You had it in your hands but three days ago. You are afraid of the dark, Julio. Take the lamp."

A moment later the servant returned with the Spanish cowl thrown over his head and shoulders. It was a cloak large enough to envelop the whole body, and the hood of which concealed, so to speak, the entire face. Master and servant descended to the garden in silence, and approached the little door in the wall, where Julio placed his lamp on the ground and extinguished it. The lock grated, the door opened and closed, and Simone Turchi disappeared with his servant in the gloomy and deserted street.

CHAPTER IV.

A dark form glided along the houses in St. John street. The sky was overcast, and not a single star twinkled in its immense vault. Here and there, at a corner of a street or lane, vacillated a little light before an image of the Virgin, adding still more, by its flickering flame, to the obscurity of the night. The silence of the deserted streets was broken at intervals by the quickened tread of some timid and belated citizen, who made a loud noise with his feet, as if to frighten the thieves and robbers; again by the lingering step of a prowler, keeping a sharp lookout for prey; or else by the night-watchmen crying the hour and making their halberds resound on the pavement, as if they wished to advise the malefactors of their approach.

The dark form which glided at that moment through St. John street was a man completely wrapped in a large cloak. His head was hidden under a cowl which concealed his whole face, with the exception of his eyes and nose. When he passed beneath the faint light before an image of the Virgin, his hand could be seen resting on the hilt of a sword, half drawn from its scabbard. Was he a malefactor ready for murder and plunder, or was he a harmless citizen on his guard against the rovers of the night? Whatever he was, he continued on his way, and without molestation reached a narrow, winding alley, from beneath which there seemed to emanate confused sounds of many tumultuous voices. He paused before the entrance of a cellar that led into the street by a flight of steps, and listened to the mirthful uproar that echoed within.

"The Silver Die," he murmured, thrusting his hand into his pocket and clinking the coin it contained. "How gay they are down there! The dice are rolling on the table. Mightn't I risk a shilling?—just one?"

As though giving way to an irresistible temptation, he placed one foot upon the top step, but a sudden thought held him back, and he sprang into the alley again, leaving the cellar behind him with rapid strides. When he had gone quite a distance he stopped anew and murmured in a voice full of alarm:

"Heaven! what was I about to do? Play, venture the money at dice? I would certainly have lost all! Pietro Mostajo, don't forget the Factor of Lucca! Ah, I'm saved! Infernal temptation! I was about to risk my head, but who says I'd have been unfortunate? Can't I win a treasure too? The temptation is coming back! No, no, I must go to Brufferio's, and there's no time to lose. His house is yonder—a little black door beside the pump."

Muttering these words, he advanced along the alley, and soon paused in the neighborhood of a pump.

"Brufferio lives here," he went on. "How dark it is! I can scarcely see the door—but I'm not mistaken; it's here that the terrible fellow has his haunt. It's strange! A few violently I tremble all of a sudden. Perhaps it's a warning for me not to go in? What if he was to rob me of my gold, then kill me to hide the theft? What's to be done? Suppose I return and tell my master I couldn't find Brufferio? Oh! the Factor of Lucca!"

After a moment of anxious reflection the cowled man proceeded towards a little door, continuing with a sigh:

"Come, come, I can do nothing. Of two evils, choose the least."

Summoning up all his strength, he seized the knocker on the little door with a trembling hand and let it fall twice. The blows echoed on the inside with a hollow sound, then all became still again. The long silence that followed dismayed the caller still more. His fright was wrought up to the highest pitch when he reflected that the inmates of the house might be absent, and that consequently he would be obliged to return to his master without striking the bargain. Little did the man imagine that behind a small opening in the door, which was protected by a grating, two searching eyes were fixed on him, trying to scan him through the gloom.

"Who knocks?" cried a hoarse voice suddenly.

The visitor recoiled with a bound; this unexpected question, so close to his ear, seemed to come from no place in particular, and made him tremble from head to foot. But he soon mastered himself and approached the door once more.

"Woman," he replied in Italian, "I don't understand Flemish, but you must speak my tongue, since you're with Brufferio, who hails from my country. Tell me, is Brufferio in?"

"Who are you?" replied the woman in gibberish Italian.

"Who I am? I have a private matter to settle with Brufferio, and don't wish to make my name known."

"You're one of the bailiff's agents, and want to fool me. Go your way and leave me in peace. Brufferio isn't in."

The cowled man took several pieces of money from his pocket and shook them significantly. No sooner had the ring of silver and gold reached the ears of the invisible speaker, than two heavy bars creaked in their rusty chases and the door swung back.

"Enter, signor," said the woman; "follow me upstairs."

"I don't see you; it's as black as the infernal regions here. Where are the stairs?" stammered the other.

"Let me show you the way, signor. Give me your hand."

Stumbling up the dilapidated stairs, striking his head and elbows against invisible obstacles, grumbling and swearing so as to hide his fear, the visitor was half dragged, half led into a room on the first floor, lighted by a curious iron lamp.

"If you will be good enough to wait a little, signor, I'll go for Brufferio, who is playing at dice near by. If anyone knocks at the door during my absence, pay no attention to him. I'll lock the door on the outside and take the key with me."

She handed him a greasy chair, and started for the door of the room. The muffled man gazed after her with surprise and anxiety. Her withered and bony body, the gray meshes that straggled over her temples, her large mouth and long teeth, had made her a frightful being in his eyes, worthy in every respect of being Brufferio's companion. He listened anxiously to her retreating footsteps until he heard the key grate in the lock in the door below. Then he glanced about him, contemplating with distrust and astonishment Brufferio's apartment and the objects it contained.

It was a squalid room, with a table, three chairs with crooked backs, an oak bench, a few earthen pots near the fireplace, and a bed in a recess. This constituted all the furniture. But it was not on these common objects that the visitor fixed his eyes. The four walls of the room were hung with a number of strange weapons. Among rusty swords, large battle-blades, sharp-edged daggers and knives of all forms, he also noticed several short clubs with iron pommels, steel chains resembling horse-bits, even ropes with slip-knots, and many other things whose use he could not explain, though he suspected that these singular instruments were meant for nothing good. On the table beside the lamp lay a large knife, and by it a cloth and red sand for scouring; so the woman must have been occupied in cleaning this weapon when disturbed by the blows on the door.

All these murderous instruments filled the heart of the caller with uneasiness and alarm. He turned his eyes from them, and let his head sink upon his breast, so as to give the horror of his position more reflection. But he was not allowed the time, for the housedoor opened at that moment, and he heard someone ascending the stairs. A few minutes later the woman re-entered the room.

"Brufferio will be here in a moment," she said; "three more throws and he's through. When he's handling dice the black imp himself can't tear him away."

She sat by the table, took up the cloth and knife, and continued with her work, all the while fixing her gray, suspicious eyes on the stranger, who had pulled his hood over his face and remained silent. Five minutes had scarcely elapsed when the heavy tread of a man was heard on the dilapidated stairs. The visitor started and listened to the approaching footsteps with renewed terfor.

"It's Brufferio," mumbled the woman.

The door opened and Brufferio entered the room, looking mistrustfully at the man who had torn him from his game.

The ribald was a giant in stature; a broad-brimmed hat shaded his face, and the suit of dark brown he wore seemed to have been chosen to confound him with the gloomy shades of night. He advanced menacingly towards the stranger, with head thrown back, and his right hand grasping the hilt of a dagger stuck in his belt.

He made an imperative sign to the woman, pointing to the door. She glided out of the room grumbling, but without showing her discontent otherwise. Brufferio then locked the door on the inside, took a seat, and said to the stranger in a coarse, hollow voice that seemed to come from an empty cask:

"Why have you disturbed me? Who are you?"

This question placed the other in great embarrassment. He replied, stuttering:

"Is it necessary, Signor Brufferio, that you should know my name in order to render me a service for which I will pay very liberally?"

On hearing these words the wretch struck his forehead with his finger, as if he thought he recognized the visitor's voice; but he did not follow up this reflection, and answered:

"Come, tell me what you want of me; they're waiting for me at the Silver Die; I haven't much time."

"Signor Brufferio," replied the muffled stranger, in a timid voice, "you must know that I have an enemy who is heaping outrage upon outrage on me. If I do not stop this, he will drive me to ruin."

"I understand; you want your revenge—through me?"

"Yes, signor. How many gold crowns would you ask for such a service?"

"That depends on the rank of the person and the gravity of the affair. A sound drubbing, a scratch in the face, or a few slashes in the back don't cost as much as a mortal blow."

"It must be a mortal blow, signor."

"And what is your enemy—a nobleman or a citizen, rich or poor?"

"He is a nobleman, signor, and possessor of quite a handsome fortune, without any doubt."

"A nobleman? And you are the man who is going to pay me? Who are you?"

"I'm a poor servant out of employ."

The ribald smiled incredulously.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, "a poor servant out of employ. Come, come, push back that hood. You've red hair; you often play with dice; your name is Julio, and you live near Vineyard bridge, at Signor Turchi's, don't you? So! so! you wanted to deceive me!"

Julio, thus recognized unawares, was struck dumb with new fright, and could only stare wildly at the ribald, who seemed to have taken no offense whatever at this would-be deception.

"Never mind," said the latter. "It's my business to keep the secret of others in the gravest matters. So don't be alarmed, I won't betray you."

"I'm sorry you know my name," murmured Julio, recovering his power of speech after a moment. "However, what's done is done. But to the point! How much will you charge me for doing away with my enemy forever?"

"Your enemy?" said Brufferio, laughing. "A nobleman your enemy? You're still trying to hoodwink me. You mean your master's enemy?"

"No; my own enemy—a man who is angry with me and aiming for my discharge by his continual slanderous reports to my master respecting my doings."

"And you offer me gold crowns? It strikes me that servants don't generally have such treasures by themselves alone! Well, you want the death of a nobleman. You shall have it; but, my fine bird, count me out fifteen gold crowns first."

"Fifteen crowns!" cried Julio with feigned stupefaction. "Such a heavy sum? I haven't so much."

"You haven't? Well, then, to make it short, I'll say twelve; but down in cash before the blow."

"I'll pay you presently."

"All right, Julio—your hand; the bargain is made. Let me know your plans. When and where is our little tragedy to take place?"

Fifteen minutes later Julio passed through the little black door into the open air. He ran along the alley for a short distance, then stopped suddenly, as if a heavy load had fallen from him.

"Heavens!" he murmured with a sigh of relief and breathing hard, "what a den I fell into there! I scarcely know whether I'm dead or alive! Tra-la-la! the thing is settled at last. Signor calls me a coward. H'm! I'd like to see him up in that room with the infernal woman and this terrible Brufferio! Now, then, en route for Geronimo's. The worst is to come yet, and if I get clear of it without a broken skull I can well say I wasn't born under an unlucky star."

Quickening his step, he soon emerged from the winding alley, hastened along the high walls of St. Michael's monastery, and rapped at a door in the neighborhood of the Dominican convent. He was introduced into a large salon, where Geronimo, with his cloak on his arm and hat on his head, appeared to be awaiting somebody.

"May peace reign in this house," said Julio, bowing. "Signor, I wish I brought you better news. My poor master has taken to his bed with the fever, and begs you to excuse him from accompanying you this evening."

An expression of deep compassion overspread Geronimo's face. He shook his head sadly and lowered his eyes. The young man imagined that his happiness, his approaching marriage with Maria Van den Werve, had made his friend's heart bleed, and that his illness was the consequence of his painful emotion.

"Did the fever attack him suddenly, Julio?" he asked. "Is he very ill?"

"Not very, signor; it's a cold. Perhaps it won't come to anything; but he doesn't dare to expose himself to the damp night-air."

Geronimo appeared to reflect. Julio went on with some hesitation:

"Signor, knowing that I never recoil before anything, my master charged me to say he wished you would accept me as an escort, for fear you should meet with some of the prowlers that infest our streets at night."

"Thanks, noble Julio; I accept your services. You have always struck me as a faithful servant. The lutanists have not arrived yet. Go yonder to the kitchen and tell the cook to supply you with beer."

Julio did not wait for a second invitation, but hurried to the kitchen, where he found the cook asleep, snorting like a sea-horse. He awoke him with much difficulty and delivered his master's order, and received the much-coveted beverage.

He had anticipated blabbing with the servant while he drank his beer, and was in excellent spirits for talking about quarrels, fights, knives and many heroic deeds of which he declared himself the hero; but the servant had scarcely settled himself on his chair when he fell again into a deep sleep. So Julio was obliged to empty his glasses in silence, and had finished about half a dozen when a blow on the door, and shortly after the sound of string instruments, informed him that the lutanists had come. Julio noticed with a feeling of uneasiness that the latter were armed also. But on reflecting that Brufferio would bring assistance with him, and that the lutanists and Geronimo, taken unawares, would surely be overpowered, he recovered his sinking strength. The party set out. The young man, in utter ignorance of the danger that threatened him, walked slowly with a dreamy air; he was thinking of his unfortunate friend Simone Turchi, who must be suffering in his bed while he himself was on the way to serenade the woman he loved. He was also meditating on the deplorable condition of Simone's business affairs, and had made up his mind to save him at all hazards, immediately after his marriage, which would make him independent for life. Little did the young man suspect that the friend who had roused his compassion had engaged the scoundrel Brufferio to kill him, and that at that moment he and two companions in crime were lying in wait for him but a few steps distant.

Proceeding through the dark night, the little party entered Hoboken street, and were passing by the well that stood in the centre of the square, when Julio espied something moving not far from him to the right. Trembling with agony, lest, if this were Brufferio and his companions, he would not be recognized, Julio drew his sword all of a sudden and shouted:

"Murder! help! help!"

But he had spoken much too soon for the success of his master's plan; for at this warning Geronimo drew his sword also and glued his back to the wall of a house, so as not to be assailed from behind. The lutantists tore through a side-street howling with fright, and Julio remained in the middle of the street shouting and brandishing his sword.

But a moment had elapsed since Julio's first call for succor. The man he had perceived to the right rushed towards Geronimo, followed by two companions. The foremost assassin made a desperate lunge at the young nobleman, thinking to plunge his sword into his breast; but a skillful parry turned his weapon aside, and the aggressor himself fell with such force on Geronimo's sword that the blade pierced him through and through, coming out at the back. The assassin reeled heavily backward and sank to the ground, moaning:

"*O Mojo!* I'm dying; Brufferio is dead!"

Without paying attention to the fallen wretch, the young gentleman sprang forward and pierced the shoulder of one of the other assassins. Convinced that they had a powerful adversary to deal with, the two villains turned and endeavored to escape from his blows, but Geronimo pursued them far beyond the centre of the square where he had been at first attacked. Julio ran behind him, vociferating and striking the air with his sword, as if he were contending with a number of enemies. When Geronimo returned with the servant to the spot where the body of the ribald lay, three or four watchmen were already there blowing their horns for assistance; many heads showed themselves in the windows, and even a citizen left his house with lamp in hand.

On learning what had occurred, the night-watchmen examined the inanimate body to assure themselves that life was indeed extinct.

"Leave him there," said one of them; "it's Brufferio! God be praised, this scoundrel has at length found the fate he merited."

The sound of the horns had echoed in the distant streets, and several more guardians of the peace hastened to the scene of the attack.

Meanwhile Julio was letting his tongue run; he was relating and reiterating in all the modulations of the voice how he had struggled with two assassins at once, striking one in the face and the other in the breast. He could not comprehend how the latter had been able to fly, for it was a terrible blow, and undoubtedly, if they searched well, they would find him either dead or dying. The young nobleman, innocently believing the story of Turchi's servant, thanked him for the succor he had given him, and declared he really owed his life to him, since he had warned him of the assassins' approach. The corpse was placed behind the well until a litter could be sent for to convey it away for burial.

"Where is your residence, signor?" asked the leader of the watchmen, approaching Geronimo. "Two of my men will accompany you, to guard you from further accident. Do not refuse our aid. The scoundrels that have escaped might wait for you in order to avenge the death of their companion."

"What ought I to do?" said the young man, dreamily, to Julio. "The serenade cannot be given without lutanists; besides, how could I sing after such excitement? But the young lady will listen and wait. If she doesn't hear the music, she will think I have met with some misfortune. The best thing for me to do is to go to Lord Van den Werve's and relieve her of all suspense. I accept your offer, watchmen, and will recompense you generously for the service you render me. I shall return to the *Kipdorp* in a few moments. Wait for me in the street, by Lord Van den Werve's mansion. Follow me."

Geronimo, accompanied by the night-watchmen and Julio, proceeded along the Toad-hole, and soon reached St. John's Church, near which Van den Werve's residence was situated. He knocked, and when about to enter turned once more to Julio to express his sincere gratitude, promising to inform his master of his courageous conduct in the signal service he had rendered him.

The door closed again, and Julio hastened on his way towards the Vineyard bridge. On reaching his master's dwelling, he stopped short at the sudden thought of his still more precarious position; but he partly succeeded in shaking off this new fear, and approached the door with the intention of rapping for admission, when, to his great fright, it opened of its own accord, as if someone expected him.

"Is it you, Julio?" asked a voice in the dark.

The servant recognized his master and entered.

"Well," continued Turchi, in a choked voice, "is he dead?"

"Who?"

"Who? Geronimo, of course!"

"Silence! it's Brufferio who is dead. Signor Geronimo drove his sword through his body."

"Then you haven't the portfolio?"

"It's lucky I have my skin!"

"And the gold crowns?"

"I gave them to Brufferio."

"Pietro Mostajo, you have betrayed me!" said Simone Turchi in his servant's ear, seizing him convulsively by the arm. "Come, come, give me an account of what happened. Tremble, stupid craven—tremble; the Factor of Lucca shall make your acquaintance!"

"*Ebbene che sia!*" muttered Julio. "Then Signor Geronimo shall also know who paid Brufferio to murder him."

A hoarse cry like a stifled groan reverberated in the vestibule—the door closed.

TO BE CONTINUED.

MLLE. TERESA TITIENS, Operatic Soprano: Died Oct. 3, 1877.
For Biographical Sketch, see "Amusement Annals."

BASEBALL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

What is human life but a constant pursuit after happiness, an unceasing effort on the part of mortals to procure all the enjoyment from the circumstances by which they are surrounded that those circumstances will allow? Either present or prospective pleasure is the motive for every act of life: the hardest toils, the most grievous sufferings, man voluntarily sows along the pathway of his existence, with the hope of reaping therefrom a harvest of happiness that will compensate him for all the ills he endures. The most important element necessary to this purpose, and without which all others fail, is admitted to be bodily health; not simply freedom from disease is the meaning intended to be conveyed by the word health, but the condition of the mental and physical structure under the various functions of life are vigorously and thoroughly performed. To attain that condition depends upon judiciously alternating the periods of activity and repose of every part of the human system.

The necessity for this has been universally conceded, and by the denizens of cities, whose occupations are generally sedentary or carried on within doors, various systematic modes of exercise have been resorted to in order to supply the need, as riding, rowing, running, jumping, calesthenics, etc. All these have a radical defect when the stimulus of competition is not enlisted—they do not exhilerate.

Something more is needed than mere exercise. The exertion should be made under such a condition of the mental faculties that the sense of labor is lost until approaching fatigue gives notice of the need of rest. The mind must be disenthralled from all its cares and anxieties—must be *amused*—in order to derive all the possible benefit.

Dr. Franklin prescribed walking up and down stairs as one of the best modes of exercise. There is no doubt that it will benefit the respiratory organs and develop very good calves. The economist recommends wood-sawing as combining utility with pleasure (?). If my occupation were sedentary, and I had to rely on a diurnal spell of wood-sawing for muscular improvement, I might obtain it, but not much reliance could be placed on my backbone after a moderate experience. Rowing is a pleasurable exercise; it strengthens the lungs and develops the arm and shoulder muscles, and is well calculated for persons deficient in those particulars; but it leaves the legs behindhand in the race. The gymnasium has many good features: it stimulates the blood to healthy action; it builds up the muscles and expands the lungs—no more; it is all physique, and it is taken like physic. Farm work, being in the open air and various, is the most invigorating; but then it is work—it does not exhilarate. Baseball contains all the elements calculated to produce that state of health necessary to the complete enjoyment of existence.

What answers well to strengthen the arms as batting? To open the doors of the lungs to the entrance of invigorating air, as running the bases? To make the legs supple and strong, as chasing the speeding ball? To stimulate the flowing tide of life, as catching the ball "on the fly?" To give pliability to the vertebral column, as pitching or catching?

After each short period of severe action comes an interlude of rest throughout the progress of the game, thus preventing excessive fatigue, and affording the energies opportunities to recuperate, which is the main point of advantage. Not the body only, but the best powers of the mind, are brought into active requisition—judgment in running, discrimination in throwing, watchfulness in pitching, carefulness in catching, resolution in batting—perseverance, determination and presence of mind all through.

The play of the emotions also performs its hygienic part. Witness the exultation attending a well-knocked ball, the mortification of a tip, the self-complacency of a good catch, the chagrin at a miss, the delight at making the home-base, the despondency at being put out. And while the copious perspiration carries off the decomposition from the blood, the elasticity of spirit engendered by a closely contested match, the joyous juvenescence and abandonment of care accompanying its various rounds, make the game a most thorough recreation.

"It does not pay," says the smart man of business. It will pay, even according to his meaning of the phrase, to have the brain occasionally washed, as it were, from the muddle and scum a constant fever of labor collects, inasmuch as it cleanses it for sharper practice.

"Too trivial!" exclaims the devotee of speculation engaged in getting money for the sake of getting it, who hoards wealth and bodily diseases with equal zeal, who prefers the prospect of having his declining years embellished with sciatica, catarrh or rheumatism, with plenty of money, to a hale and hearty old age and moderate means.

"Ah! wealth! not the stolle," grasps the votary of fashion, with undeveloped form and listless brains, dawdling through a life of selfishness and sensuality.

"No time to spare," says the hard-working mechanic. Three hours a week, devoted to an enjoyable diversion, will give him more than three years of additional life in which to prosecute his labors.

Pitch me a good ball!

WM. H. TUCKER.

CAMILLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Stay by me, Armand: I shall need you only
To night—to-morrow I shall not be here.
Ah, me! the place had been so sad and lonely,
But that I knew you, Armand, were so near.

I dreamed this morning of the Summer pleasant
We passed together in the sweet last year,
And how the village dame and kindly peasant
Came to our cottage with their homely cheer.

Gaston and I were musing down the valley,
And you were dancing, Armand, with Nichette,
And then you all sang out so musically:
"Camille, Camille! we shall be happy yet."

And so I thought, and smiled and laughed as ever;
And the dream changed, Armand, and you said:
"Camille, Camille! we shall be happy never!"
And I awoke with dreaming you were dead.

And I am dying, Armand, I am dying—
And have no tears, but even wish to die.
If you will sometimes come where I am lying,
And promise some time by my side to lie.

Fly to me, Armand! I shall need you only
To night—to-morrow I shall not be here.
Ah, me! the place had been so sad and lonely,
But that I knew you, Armand, were so near.

West Mount Vernon, N. Y., Sept. 13, '77. MISS D. B

"IF HE DIDN'T DRINK."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY VANDYKE BROWN.

"You see that man on the bench opposite—the one with cloth gaiters and light trowsers?"

"I do."

"Well, sir, if that man didn't drink he would be the most brilliant actor on the American stage."

"Is it possible?" I said, gazing with renewed interest upon the shabbily-dressed figure before me. "Nobody would ever suspect him of brilliancy from his appearance."

That was unquestionably true. The man who was first pointed out to me on that Summer's afternoon in Union square, and whom I met many times afterwards, was not possessed of the visible attributes of greatness. Small in stature, with a weazen face which was furrowed by deep lines and colored a ruddy brown, with faded, watery eyes and uncombed hair, with an excessively dirty shirt-front and a general air of vagabondism enveloping his whole person—he was not, I repeat, the sort of man to impress you with admiration. And yet I was given to understand, from the first moment of my meeting with Westerly, that, if it were not for drink, he would astonish the world by his extraordinary talents.

"Appearances are deceptive, you know," said my friend Spinney, in response to my last observation. "He is really a wonderful man. If you say so, I will give you an introduction to him."

I said so eagerly—for which I repented at leisure.

"I am proud to make your acquaintance, sir," said the wonderful man when the ceremony of introducing us had been performed by Spinney. "Fine weather we're having, aint it?"

He spoke in a deep bass voice, which contrasted oddly with his diminutive figure. What he said was of the most commonplace order, and he said it in English which would have thrown Richard Grant White into a fit. Nevertheless, I was prepared to admire him, and I found that Spinney was able to detect signs of that overmastering genius which rum was supposed to have blasted, even in Westerly's very ordinary observations. We stood chatting in the park for perhaps ten minutes, and then, by way of breaking the silence which fell upon us, I proposed that we should adjourn for a glass of beer. Spinney assented, and Westerly said he "didn't mind;" whereupon we crossed over to Fourth avenue and entered a saloon. I was hopeful that under the warming influence of a glass of liquor the wonderful man's brilliancy would flash forth—but it didn't. The gin—he drank gin, instead of beer—appeared to have a stupefying effect upon him, and, with the exception of requesting the loan of half a dollar, which I was proud to grant, I do not remember that he uttered a word after we entered the saloon.

That was my first knowledge of the man who was fitted to be anything and everything astonishing, but for liquor. I chanced to mention his name three or four days afterwards to a dramatic critic, and was surprised to hear him say:

"Yes; I know Westerly well. He would be one of the best paying cards in this country to-day—if he didn't drink!"

"Do you really think so?" I asked, amazed that my critical friend should speak with such unusual approbation of one who had, apparently, so little to recommend him.

"I know it!" was the emphatic rejoinder.

I must confess that the united testimony of Westerly's numerous friends produced in time its effect upon my mind. I could never understand precisely why the man should be regarded as a genius; but, finding that he was so held by others, I came by degrees to look upon him in the same light myself. It could not be disputed that he was shiftless, shabby and constitutionally lazy—qualities which we have been taught to believe are very often associated with brilliant intellects. Beyond this I was unable to discover that he had ever given any marked indications of unusual abilities. He had been, so I was informed, a third-rate actor in a third rate theatre, which position he had forfeited on account of his irregular habits. He had written a blood-and-thunder melodrama, which numerous managers had respectfully declined to bring out. He had borrowed a great deal of money from a great many different people, and he drank an enormous amount of gin, for which others had generally paid. This, briefly, was the fact of Westerly's career; but it was the fancy in which he lived. Fancy painted him a giant intellect bound by the shackles of strong drink. The picture fitted him admirably, so far as the drink went; and as for the intellect—it was there that the fancy came into play.

Two years passed, during which I saw Westerly at intervals, and heard his praises sung unceasingly. The mere mention of his name was enough to bring forth a sigh of admiration. And yet I was given to understand, from the first moment of my meeting with Westerly, that, if it were not for drink, he would astonish the world by his extraordinary talents.

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I said so

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1877.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

SANDY BANDERR.—1. Mrs. F. B. Conway's last appearance on the stage was at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, N. Y., April 9, 1875. 2. We do not recall them as being together at that house. Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Davenport closed there Aug. 16, 1862; on the 18th Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Conway began, and on Dec. 21, 1861, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wallack Jr. and E. L. Davenport closed, but the Conways were then in England, and Mrs. Davenport did not appear there until Aug. 4, 1862. From May 21 to June 2, 1860, J. W. Wallack Jr. and Mr. and Mrs. Conway played there, and this completes the record.

STRAIGHT BUSINESS.—1. Frank Girard has been with Tony Pastor ever since he opened his theatre on Broadway, and was with him for some years previously in the Bowery. 2. Tony Pastor opened his Broadway Theatre Oct. 4, 1875. His regular stock company included only Jennie Morgan, McKee and Rogers, Sanford and Wilson, Gus Williams and Frank Girard. There were many comedians to choose from. Charles Worley appeared during that season. 3. He played a short engagement in the Bowery in this city a few months ago, since which time we have not heard of him.

A MEMBER OF THE MANCHESTER, Providence.—"A is on third base, B on second, C knocks a ball to short, and A runs for home, but is caught between the bases. Now they are running, A is out, B runs for third and gets it. A is not run out, but gets back to third, where B is. Now, who is entitled to the base, A or B?" And does not B, touching the base, force A to the "out?" No man can be forced off except by the act of the striker. A was not forced off. B had no claim to third base until A had touched home-base.

MUSICUS, Cincinnati.—Theodore Thomas on his concert tours takes his whole orchestra from New York and does not add to it in other cities. The salaries range from $30 to $70, and he has paid as high as $100, exclusive of all traveling expenses. The number of men he takes is between 40 and 45. In Cincinnati last season he had to enlarge his orchestra on account of the German singing festival, and think he only that he has done its, and the only cause.

MURBOCK.—1. Heenan and King fought 24 rounds in 35 minutes. 2. King was out of time in the fourteenth round, and nearly five minutes elapsed before he was brought to the scratch again. 3. Once on a charge of stabbing a policeman, and the second time on a charge of felonious assault with intent to kill two of "the force." 4. Cannot settle this question, as the published accounts of Sullivan's battles do not clearly state it.

TOM W., Bristol.—The distance was four miles. Thad Stevens ran it Oct. 18, 1873, in San Francisco, in 7:30, which was then the best second heat. Lexington—carrying twelve pounds less weight, however—had made it in 7:19¼ at New Orleans, April 2, 1855. Fellowcraft, with 109lb up, has since made it in 7:19½, and Ten Broeck, with 104lb, in 7:15½. Fellowcraft and Ten Broeck, like Stevens, inherited their full Northern weight for ages.

W. H. K., Rochester.—Those bets stand, of course. The result of the game has nothing to with them, so long as five innings were played and the contest was not prematurely abandoned by the two clubs. Abandonment because of rain or darkness is a forced one, contemplated by the rules, and therefore known to betters as a possibility.

S. H. T. Jr., East Machias.—Mr. and Mrs. Murray were members of the company at the (second) old Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa., when it opened Dec. 2, 1822, and continued there for some years. Mrs. Murray was considered a fair actress, but her husband's ability amounted to much. We have no record of the death of either of them. 2. We have no biography of him.

J. F. S., Titusville.—Apply to the manager of some variety theatre for an opportunity to show you. If you succeed, accept any salary he may offer until you can better yourself. As you gain reputation your salary will increase. An engagement would cost you 60 cents to $1.50 for four or ten lines space.

RICHARD, Louisville.—Most of them are out of print; but you might find some person who had copies that he would sell. Hunt's Friend's Second or "Forty-Year New York Stage," "Personal Recollections of the Stage," by W. B. Wood, or "The Life of an Actor and Manager," by F. C. Wemyss.

SALT LAKE.—This bet we decide void for want of definite understanding. "Win or book a winning" would make B winner; "win, or book a winning," would make A winner. In the latter case "book a winning" qualifies or explains "wins." In the former case it is meant that A did not do either one thing or the other.

ABBELL, Norfolk.—No record. 2. The greatest distance ever walked by E. P. Weston in twenty-four consecutive hours was 115 miles, he having rested 18min. 18sec. only, and walked 105¼ miles 50 yards without stopping at all.

J. W., Phila.—1. J. C. Heenan's height was 6ft. 1½in.; Australian Kelly, 5ft. 8½in. 2. It has been announced through the press that Simon Reeve the English pedestrian was to appear in the United States, but he has never been "billed" here.

H. H., Waterloo.—Being based upon the special agreement that all but one of the players in the game of the 16th should take part in the one to follow, the bet was rendered void as soon as the Auburns introduced two new players.

R. P. H., Buffalo.—If M. expressly stated the converse of S.'s proposition, viz., that the Buffalos would make *more* runs in the game than the Milwaukees in any one inning, it is a draw. If, as is the more probable, he merely assumed the negative of S.'s proposition, M. wins.

EDENBURG.—1. To the best of our belief, Gen. Butler was not in Pittsburg when Forrest was married to Magoozier. 2. The date was Oct. 19, 1866, and there was a third horse in the race—Geo. M. Patchen Jr. 3. Dexter's best time was made Aug. 14, 1867.

J. N., Phila.—1. He would be an Englishman in one sense, even if reared in Ireland. As it is, he is an Englishman of Irish birth. 2. He played in what was then the National Theatre, now the retail store fronting the Walnut street, west of Eighth.

LITTLE HARRY, Toronto.—Harry Lazarus was fatally stabbed, in his saloon, by Thomas Houston and Jack Murphy, both of this city, by Barney Friery, Jan. 3, 1865. Friery was hung in the Tombs prison-yard Aug. 17, 1866.

BAKER HILL, Cincinnati.—1, 2. Address H. A. Thomas, who advertises. An advertisement taking up a space of three inches, single column, would cost $6.30 for each insertion.

CONSTANT READER, Chicago.—You probably mean the Poole Brothers, one of whom—Zaulo—was taken by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. They are all in England now.

W. M., Louisville.—Our time is too valuable to waste it upon mathematical puzzles that are to be found solved in books costing not more than a dollar. Dick & Fitzgerald, this city, publish books.

FIREMAN.—They can be had of almost any downtown stationer. Martin B. Brown, printer, corner of William and Frankfort, used to print and give them away, and may do so yet.

E. B. O'B., Louisville.—"The Two Orphans" was first produced in America at the Union-square Theatre, New York, Dec. 21, 1874, and F. F. Mackay was the original Pierre the cripple.

I. P. N., Abington.—Smuggler won the stallion race at Boston, Sept. 23, 24, 25, 2 in, beating Mambrino Gift among others. The latter, at Rochester, Aug. 13, 1874, beat Smuggler in 2:21, 2:20, 2:23.

CONSTANT READER, Boston.—The attempt to apply parliamentary rules to the "Grange Association" of modern times is "all vanity and vexation of spirit." What such an Association does, and considers good, is good.

F. Poughkeepsie.—You can get Webster's Dictionary or Crittenden's Commercial Manual of almost any bookseller. There is no one book that gives the values of all foreign coins.

ARGUMENT.—1. It is a misdeal, and it is now B's deal. 2. Yo-sem-i-ty, accentuating the second syllable. 3. When McDevitt made his highest run (4,433), his opponent was William Goldthait.

E. B. H., St. Louis.—"Butterfly," unaccompanied by other words to indicate the purpose for which it is used, cannot be parsed. It may be a noun, as the name of a freckle or of an insect, or it may be an adjective.

R. C. L., Brooklyn.—The son being a minor, and living abroad, the latter's becoming a citizen here did not make the father a citizen, as we read the law.

CLEVELAND.—Unless B can produce proof that A or someone in his interest poisoned the dog, A is entitled to the money.

SLACK-WIRE ARTIST.—We have seen the feats you name done by several performers. Among them we think Herr Willio, at the Olympic Theatre in this city, some years ago.

TOM HEATHWOOD, Joplin.—Edwards was born at West Birmingham, Eng., Dec. 21, 1844, and first arrived in this country May 10, 1865.

J. C., Chicago.—You need only send house-bill when a play is produced for the first time on any stage in your city.

R. S., Kansas City.—We do not do an agency business. Write to some of the dramatic agencies in this city that advertise in THE CLIPPER.

CONSTANT READER.—When they are performing you will find their advertisements in our variety columns. Letters addressed to them in care of this office will reach them.

J. H., Wheeling.—If the game was called because of rain or darkness, the bet stands, and is to be decided by the innings scored.

NOVICE, New Orleans.—Neither is out. The player who was first to make 21 should have claimed the game without waiting to play the cards out.

DISPUTE, Boston.—1. You had to play the ace. 2. You could withhold any of those trumps, but there is no earthly reason for your doing so.

WEEKLY READER, East Boston.—1. Pronounced Johnors-shek. 2. Send to S. French & Son, 122 Nassau street, this city, for a book called "How to Get Up Clubs."

J. A. T., City.—Yo-Ji-Ki-Ki won the Saratoga Cup, beating Kingfisher, and was beaten by Heimbold for the four-mile purse.

MIKE FOSTER, Providence.—The ball-players were matched against strong English players, including professionals; but Grace did not play.

C. N., Fort Wayne.—The umpire cannot call two balls in succession. He can only call every third unfair ball in the order of its delivery.

SUBSCRIBER, Brockville.—1. The rules require the baserunner to run back. 2. The best way is to wear thin gloves of good stout kid.

A. B. C., Schenectady.—A bet on a so-called "sure thing" is a species of one, provided no fraud is employed in procuring said bet.

G. J. F., Elmira.—If you stipulated that both the named horses were to start "or no bet," then the failure of one to start vitiates the bet.

A. J. H.—We do not remember, and therefore cannot decide your bet.

CARROTS, Toronto.—Tom Allen stands 5ft. 10¼in. in height.

TIME, Phila.—Read The CLIPPER ALMANAC, which will post you.

BALL-PLAYERS, Perth.—The CLIPPER ALMANAC will inform you; price fifteen cents.

G. H., Washington.—We presume they are still with that circus in South America.

D. R., Cleveland.—The forfeit-money should go to B, subject to answer to "Cleveland."

BILL AND JOHN, Nashville.—By a special rule of the turf, that bet is a draw.

DOUGH BOY, Fort Sill.—You win. All that is necessary is to prove that he is the deserter.

BOSTON FIRE.—The great Boston fire of modern times occurred Nov. 9, 10, 1872.

A. J. B. Jr.—1. Platinum is much heavier than gold, and also costlier. 2. A is correct.

FAIRS, Philadelphia.—The list of fairs was published in THE CLIPPER dated Sept. 1.

A. S. HARTSBURG.—See card at head of dramatic summary.

D. W. R., Providence.—Goldsmith Maid's time has not been beaten.

JACK POT, Johnstown.—When flushes are played, they beat three of a kind.

MCB., Philadelphia.—B is out on his call. The cards have not to be played out.

E. J. E.—If there is no race on Morrissey's part, there is no bet.

A. B. C.—The cards talling 2, 2, 4, 6, 5, 1, 3, the player of the 3 is entitled to a run of 6.

J. H.—The Crystal Palace opened in this city twenty-four years ago was burned Oct. 5, 1858.

M. F., New London.—In charge of the room at the Park House, Newark, N. J.

D. T. V., Peoria.—No answers by mail. See card at the head of dramatic summary.

J. G. B., Geneva.—The Lydia Thompson Troupe never played in "The Black Crook."

G. S.—A letter addressed to her in care of this office shall be forwarded to her.

P. D., Hot Springs.—He is at the Academy of Music, Cleveland, O.

L. W., Baltimore.—If we published such a card it would be likely to bring you into ridicule.

J. M., New Ipswich.—He has recently moved, and we do not know his present address.

COUNT OR NO ACCOUNT.—Cannot say. The papers containing it are all out of print.

H. T. S., Brooklyn.—It is a matter of opinion which is best. Both are good, and each is popular.

INQUIRER, Norwich.—B and D count two. B could not go alone against A.

ROCHESTER.—The total being 12, and one having marked 11 to the other's 13, it is a stand-off.

NEWSDEALER, Brooklyn.—You could not get an engagement unless you could perform some specialty.

JULIUS.—The question is now being tested in the courts.

Oscoon, Boston.—The backer of the Allegheneys wins.

J. E. B.—He never acted in the Fifth-avenue Theatre.

J. J. GREGORY.—Mailed it, as previously requested.

K. M. A., Tuckahoe.—A and B take even points.

C. T. S., Ashabula.—We are already supplied.

DOY, Phila.—Must serve all the players alike.

J. F. WILLIAMS.—Sent regularly every week.

R. B., Cedar Rapids.—They have disbanded.

S. AND N.—It was never issued semi-weekly.

H. J. F., Leola.—He can write back.

FORT POINTER, Buffalo.—It wins.

J. F. HOGAN.—No.

ATHLETICS.—An athletic entertainment, under the supervision of Prof. Wm. Miller, is announced to take place at Gilmore's Garden on Monday evening, Oct. 15. The exercises will embrace Graeco-Roman wrestling, gymnastics, dumb-bell hitting and Indian club swinging, boxing, fencing and pedestrianism. For particulars see advertisement.

G. A. R.—The sixth annual camp-fire of J. L. Riker Post-No. 62, Grand Army of the Republic, will be held at Concordia Hall, 28 and 30 Avenue A, on Monday evening, Oct. 15. The object of the meeting is to aid in the completion of the Soldiers' Home fund.

THE YONKERS LYCEUM athletic games will take place on the club grounds, South Broadway, Yonkers, N. Y., today, Oct. 9. The New York, Harlem, Scottish-American, and other clubs will be represented by good men.

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

*** Oct. 1: Dispatches from Galveston, Texas, announced that Col. Shafter with 600 American troops had crossed the Rio Grande into Mexico. The rumor of war was abroad.....The trial of the Reading rioters was begun.....The Louisville, Cincinnati and Lexington Railroad was sold at Louisville, Ky., for $731,000.....Judge Pratt was renominated in the Second Judicial District (Brooklyn) by both Democratic and Republican Conventions.....The Rev. Alfred Thompson of Elgin, Ill., was arrested in Jersey City on a charge of theft and other things which no minister should do.....Town elections were held in Connecticut.....The savings-bank at Hannibal, Mass., closed its doors.....The Massachusetts Workingmen's Party nominated Wendell Phillips for Governor.....The body of Jacob Schock was found hanging in the rear of the Germania Hotel, Long Branch, N. J., where Jacob had hung it.....Intelligence was received of a riot on the Kansas Central Narrow-gauge Railroad between strikers and a Sheriff's posse. One man was killed....The Indian chiefs at Washington asked for Sunday clothes, cows, big school-houses, saw-mills, stoves and forty dollars. Why not diamond pins?....Attorney-general Fairchild of New York printed a letter in reply to Senator Conkling's Rochester speech.....A coroner's jury at Richmond, Ky., justified Cassius M. Clay in killing a negro.....At One Hundred and Sixty-ninth street, this city, Bertha Schulger was run over and killed by a New York and New Haven express train.....Some heavy forgeries on the Canadian banks came to light.....It was announced that Senor Castillo and his son, both prominent in the Cuban insurrection, had surrendered to the Spanish authorities.....Two of the defendants in the Witowski fraud pleaded guilty at Washington.....By cable: The deaths from famine in India were reported at 750,000; Russia denied that she was tired of the war; Gen. Klapka declared that he had nothing to do with the Hungarian plots.....Fires: A large block of wholesale stores in Indianapolis, Ind.—estimated loss, $75,000; Albert Moehan's drygoods store, Montreal, Can.—loss $15,000; on the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad, near Painesville, O., the Painesville and Youngstown depot building, together with ten carloads of oil.

*** Oct. 2: It was discovered that William C. Gilman of this city had committed forgeries to the extent of $200,000 or more, and fled.....Mattie Davie shot herself through the heart at Wyntono, Ga.....Rumor made John Kamena, Hoboken's City Treasurer, a defaulter to the amount of $80,000.....John Meyer, an officer of the steamship Koion, was reported missing from this city with $11,000 worth of diamonds belonging to the ship's cargo.....George R. Waterman of Lawrence, Mass., was found to be a defaulter to the amount of $50,000.....W. H. Bailey, collector of St. Albans, Vt., was indicted.....The United States troops withdrew from Mexican soil.....In the trial of the Reading, Pa., rioters, Samuel Humphries, one of the ringleaders, said that he didn't care whether he got ten or twenty years' imprisonment. Easy to suit.....The Kansas Republicans nominated the Hon. A. H. Hoston for Chief-justice and L. A. Humphreys for Lieutenant-governor.....Maggie Goertiler, aged 7, fell from a fourth-story window in Seventh street, this city, and was killed. Kate Goodsel, Hermann Kraft, Kittie Gell and Aaron Zimmermann were all more or less seriously injured by falling from windows in this city.....Peter B. Sweeny's real estate was sold in this city for $653,000.....Yellow-fever made its first appearance at Port Tampa.....It came to light that Willie Bishop, aged 7, of Philadelphia, who had been missing since Friday, was pushed into the river by a playmate and drowned.....Augusta Johnson was burned to death at Bayonne, N. J., her dress taking fire from cinders on a railroad track.....By cable: The Russians began preparations for the Winter in Asia. Count Grevy was formally put forward as the successor of M. Thiers in the leadership of the French Republicans; the Sacred Congregation of the Vatican decided that Columbus could not be canonized.

.....Fires: The explosion of a still in Bollman & Co.'s chemical works, Jersey City, set fire to the building, which was totally destroyed.....F. W. Bollman, one of the proprietors, was badly burned, and a fireman mortally injured—loss $35,000; the boiler of the steamer Comfort exploded near Wheeling, W. Va., and several of the passengers were reported to have been killed.

*** Oct. 3: The New York Democratic State Convention assembled at Albany. It was decided to admit the Tammany delegates from this city.....A boiler explosion in Miller & Son's saw-mill, near Studertown, O., killed three men.....Gloomy reports of the yellow-fever from Fernandina, Fla.

.....Five persons were killed, three missing and fifteen wounded by the explosion of the steamer Comfort near Wheeling, W. Va.....Two more savings-banks, one in Allegheny City, Pa., and one at Cape Cod, Mass., closed their doors.

.....The locomotive Indiana blew up at Springfield, Mass., killing Ward Keenan, the fireman.

.....The Newark, N. J., Republicans nominated Henry J. Yates for Mayor.....Intelligence was received of the discovery of a comet by Temple at Florence, Italy.....August Tanner of Hoboken, N. J., shot himself over his wife's grave.....The Triennial Convention of the Episcopal Church assembled in Boston.....Yellow-fever at Key West.....The captain, passengers and crew of the steamer Magnolia landed at Lewes, Del., on the pilot-boat E. C. Knight, the Magnolia having gone down.....Lizzie Webber died at Boston, Mass., of hydrophobia.....By cable: Suleiman Pasha succeeded Mehemet Ali in the command of the Army of the Danube; Sir John Bennett was elected by the third time Alderman in London; enormous railway frauds were reported in England.....Fires: The Dry Dock, Grand street and Avenue B Crosstown Railroad Depot, at Fourteenth street and Avenue B, this city, was destroyed with the entire rolling-stock—loss about $250,000; the business part of the town of McKeesport, Pa.—loss $175,000; a kerosene lamp explosion resulted in the destruction of the Fort Henry Iron Company's works at Minesville, N. Y.—loss $25,000; a block of stores at Frankfort, Ind.—loss $15,000; Charles H. Wheeler's residence in Orange, N. J., and that of Wheeler's extensive flour-works at Smithtown, L. I.; saw-mills at Frankfort, Mich.—loss $30,000.

*** Oct. 4: The New York Democratic State Convention nominated Allan C. Beach for Secretary of State.....A train on the Hudson-River Railroad was thrown from the track at Haverstraw, N. Y., but no one was hurt.....Joe Elliot the forger, who walked out of the court-room in this city a few months ago, was arrested at Fishkill, N. Y.....The yacht Scud, in which T. R. Cooper, John P. Hunt and Charles H. Pierce of Boston went sailing Monday night, was picked up on North Scituate beach. The men are believed to have been drowned.....In the Sixth Judicial District of this State the Republicans nominated Judge William Murray for Judge of the Supreme Court.....In a Philadelphia Court Miss Synder told how Bliss materialized spirits.....Many persons were arrested in behalf of the late Archbishop Bailey in Newark, N. J.....The marble ceiling in the portico of the Patent-office at Washington, D. C., fell.....Mrs. Hugh McCanille of Williamsburg fell from a third-story window and broke her neck.

.....Two women were killed at Grantville, Mass., while attempting to cross the railroad track in a carriage.....At Central City, Pa., John Le Bryant and A. W. Adams shot one another, the latter being killed outright.....John W. Turnbull Jr. killed himself in a disreputable house at Baltimore, Md.....The centennial of the battle of Germantown, Pa., was enthusiastically celebrated.....A City news: Henry Rosemann made the "Fall openings" chiefly in umbrellas; Red Cloud, Spotted Tail and his companions were in the city; the total of Gilman's forgeries was found to be nearly $250,000; the police stopped the sale of beer in the variety theatres; the laying of the corner-stone of the Seventh Regiment's armory was postponed on account of the rain.

.....By cable: The hearing of Gambetta's appeal was fixed for Oct. 10; news came of the discovery of another planet by Palisa.....Fires: The Saxony Woolen Mills at Trenton, N. J.—loss $50,000; Studdard's Hotel, the Convent of Notre Dame and the Congregational Church at Stanstead, Quebec, Ca.—loss about $35,000; the Oquaga Hotel with a block of dwelling houses, at Pittston, Pa.; the American Express building on Hudson street, this city, was slightly damaged.

*** Oct. 5: The storm of Thursday was found to have done serious damage at various points. The Sound steamer Massachusetts went onto the rocks near Greenport, L. I., and the passengers had a fearful night of it; a washout on the Reading Railroad wrecked a train near Kimberton, Pa., seven persons being killed and more than fifty wounded; a bridge was washed away on the North Pennsylvania Railroad, throwing a train into the stream twelve miles from Philadelphia, killing the engineer and badly injuring the fireman and conductor; a train on the Pennsylvania Railroad ran into the stream near Milford, N. J., and the engineer, conductor and one passenger were killed; near Waynesburg Junction, Pa., a train on the Wilmington and Northern Railroad was thrown from the track and the engineer was killed; the storm also did much damage to shipping, both on the ocean and lakes.....Henry Shaw and Gus Johnson, both under sentence of death for murder, burrowed their way out of the Atlanta, Ga., jail. They don't believe in returning what they burrow.....The wrecking of a train on the Delaware and Hudson Railroad, near Melrose Station, Pa., was supposed to have been the work of strikers. The engineer and fireman were killed.....Over a game of cards M. D. Lowell was killed by J. D. Kidwell on a railroad train at Butler's Station, Ky.....Three fast men of Boston knocked down Alderman Breed of Lynn, Mass., in an alleyway, and robbed him of $8,000.

.....City news: The storm put an end to the fears of a water famine; the railroad magnates were in conference at the Windsor Hotel; the Big Injuns went West; no trace of Gilman the forger; Mabel Leonard's case was before a referee; the crew of the wrecked steamer Magnolia feasted in the city.....By cable: News was received of a sharp fight near Kars—both sides victorious! Up to Sept. 27 the Russians acknowledged the loss of 52,000 men; Gen. Grant visited his daughter, Mrs. Sartoris; Gambetta's manifesto was said to attack President MacMahon.....Fires: The Narragansett Oil and White Lead Works, Brooklyn—loss $15,000; fourteen buildings at Nanticoke, Pa.—loss, $25,000; a business block at St. Albans, Vt.—loss about $40,000; Seehler & Co.'s carriage factory, Cincinnati, O.—loss, $20,000; the steamship Constitution, from Victoria, took fire when fifty miles out from San Francisco, Cal., but succeeded in reaching port—no lives were lost.

*** Oct. 6: The abutment of the great bridge across the Missouri River at Atchison, Kan., gave way.....Eleven persons were found to have been killed by the disaster on the Pickering Valley (Pa.) Railroad.....Wm. B. Woodin was renominated for the New York State Senate by the Republicans of the Twenty-fifth District.....U. S. Senator Patterson of South Carolina was arrested in Washington on a charge of bribery.....The Mormon Conference at Salt Lake, U. T., elected John Taylor President of the Church.....At Kansas City, Mo., H. W. Mann shot his 20-year-old daughter through the heart and then took his own life.....One Carper, living at Cleveland, Tenn., murdered his daughter and granddaughter and considerately shot himself.....William R. Cooper, who stole $70,000 worth of bonds and stocks in California, was arrested at Cincinnati, O.....City news: Tweed once more remained his narrative; Thomas Ewen of Monroe street stabbed his wife in the neck, it was thought fatally; in discussion about the payment for some oysters which they had eaten, Michael Heffernan seriously stabbed Thomas McConneli, on Worth street; no trace of Gilman the forger.....In the trial of Surgeon Wilson, U. S. N., at Norfolk, Va., the jury decided that the Court had nothing to say about the, surgeon's killing a negro woman last July.....John McLind was murdered near Manchester, Va.....Col. H. R. Sibley, formerly commander of the G. A. B. in Massachusetts and a prominent citizen of Boston, was arrested for forgery.....By cable: No battles reported; Grant was at Southampton, Eng.; the continued rainfall in India gave hope to the famine-stricken districts; the steamship City of Berlin sailed from Queenstown Friday with £100,000 specie for the United States.....Fires: At Rimouski, Quebec, the house of Eustache Dioune was burned and a two-year-old child perished in the flames; the furniture factory of Joseph W. Hamburger & Co., on Attorney street, this city, was totally destroyed—loss $100,000.....A dispatch from Galveston, Texas, reported the invasion of Texas by a Mexican mob.....At Carr's Rock, N. Y., a rock weighing forty tons fell from a cliff and struck a freight train, demolishing one car and throwing thirteen from the track.

*** Oct. 7: Intelligence was received of a bloody fight between Gen. Miles' men and the Nez Percoes, on Snake Creek, in which twenty-three of the troops were killed and forty-six wounded. The Indians lost seventeen men and 600 horses.

.....A gang of roughs attacked Police-officer Garrison of Brooklyn, and beat him, perhaps fatally.....The wreckers were at work on the steamboat Massachusetts.....Henry Ward Beecher preached in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, for the first time in three months.....At Fayetteville, near Syracuse, N. Y., William Burns stabbed Alonzo F. West and H. S. Blye, the former fatally.

.....The outrages on the Mexican border were found to have been committed by Americans, and not Mexicans.....City news: Henry Rosemann of Essex street hung himself; Daniel Carr fell from the roof of a house on Madison street and was killed; Thomas Murphy was fatally injured by a locomotive in the roundhouse of the Erie Railway; the steamer Cortes, from St. John, arrived with a monster devil-fish, dead; John Mooney, a New York machinist, was fatally shot by his brother-in-law in Williamsburg, L. I.; Samuel Strong, the Canadian forger, was arrested at the Metropolitan Hotel.....In St. Michael's Church, Jersey City, Bishop Corrigan blessed the two paintings, "Rest in Egypt" and "St. Ann and Her Child," recently received from Rome.....From Lewes, Del., it was reported that six sailors had been drowned during the recent storm.....By cable: Dispatches announced two feet of snow in the Shipka Pass; Gen. Hazen, the U. S. military attache at Vienna, was reported to be on his way to Bulgaria; a number of suspected conspirators were arrested in Madrid.....Fires: Grace & Co.'s lumber-yard at Hunter's Point, L. I., covering nearly twenty acres—loss $200,000; the Union Hall block at Gouverneur, N. Y.—loss $60,000..... Senator Morton was reported worse.....It was estimated that 14,000 persons viewed the remains of Archbishop Bayley at Baltimore, Md.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BAYLEY, James Roosevelt—Archbishop of the See of Baltimore and Primate of the Roman Catholic Church of the United States, was born in this city Aug. 23, 1814. He was the son of Dr. Guy Carlton Bayley, a very successful practicing physician, who was at one time Superintendent of the Bloomingdale Lunatic Asylum. His early studies were pursued at Amherst, Mass., and in 1835 he was graduated from Washington, now Trinity College, at Hartford, Ct. He then began the study of medicine, but abandoned the idea of following that profession in order to become an Episcopal clergyman. His first rectorship was at Harlem, where he preached in 1840-1. Devoting much time to the study of Catholic theological works, he finally resolved into that church, and in the Fall of 1841 he went to Europe, where in the Spring of the following year, he was confirmed at Rome. He then studied in Paris, and was ordained priest March 4, 1843, in the Cathedral in this city by Bishop Hughes. He was sent, in turn, to St. John's College, Fordham, and to Seton Hall, after which he was made secretary to Bishop Hughes. In this position he remained seven years, when he was consecrated the first Bishop of Newark, N. J. Upon the death of Archbishop Spalding of Baltimore, Md., Bishop Bayley was translated to that See, July 30, 1872. He was also appointed by the Pope to confer the beretta on Cardinal McCloskey. He was a profound scholar and especially interested in the promotion of Catholic education. His published works embrace "A History of the Catholic Church on the Island of New York," "Memoirs of Simon Brute," and "Pastorals for the People." For five years past his health had been failing, and a week before his death he sank into a state of unconsciousness, from which he rallied only once or twice—Newark, N. J., Oct. 3, aged 63.

BRUEN, Mrs. Mary Ann—The wife of Daniel D. Brueu of Newark, N. J., and a cousin of the Rev. S. Fenwick Bruen, died at that place, the grandparent of Gen. Greeton of the Revolutionary War—Newark, N. J., Oct. 3.

BALDWIN, John H.—United States Inspector of Dredging at Baltimore—that city, Sept. 27.

BATES, Thomas S.—One of the best known and most public-spirited citizens of Lynn, Mass., He was a member of the Massachusetts Legislature in 1851, and later of the Lynn Common Council and School Board—Lynn, Mass., Sept. 28, aged 62.

BRACE, Jonathan—For many years pastor of the First Congregational Church, Milford, Ct., and editor of *The Religious Herald*. He was a native of Middletown, Ct., graduated at Amherst College, and for a time preached in the Central Presbyterian Church, this city. In 1845 he went to Milford, where he remained eighteen years. He had written much for periodicals, and was the author of a volume entitled "Scripture"—Hartford, Ct., Oct. 1, aged 67.

BYRON, Lord Francis—A French nobleman by birth, who at the age of twenty, on account of a family quarrel, came to this country and emigrated to the far West. He is said to have erected the first mill ever built on the Wisconsin River, and was the first white settler at Portage City. He owned a large tract of land in the country, and owned, at the time of his death, over 300,000,000 feet of pine, besides saw-mills and much real estate in Canada—Grand Rapids, Mich., Sept. 28, aged 73.

BOURBEAU, Louis Oliver—A member of the French Chamber of Deputies—Paris, Oct. 6, aged 66.

DONALDSON, Thomas—One of the most distinguished members of the Baltimore, Md., bar. He was graduated at Harvard College in 1834, spent some time in civil engineering, and then devoted himself to the law, in which he took a prominent position. The late Mrs. Commodore Vanderbilt was a daughter, and Alfred Vanderbilt Donaldson of the United States Navy is his brother. He married a granddaughter of Col. Thomas Pickering of Boston—Howard County, Md., Oct. 4, aged 61.

DE LEPEL, Baroness Juliet B.—A daughter of R. N. Austin of Milwaukee, Wis., who, while receiving musical instruction in Europe some years ago, married the Baron De Lepel—news received Sept. 30, aged 25.

DISTURNELL, John—Well-known publisher of guide-book, directories and other statistical works. In 1840 he issued the first railroad guide published in this country. He also published "The United States Register," or "Blue Book," which appeared annually for more than twenty years. Mr. Disturnell was a native of Lansingburg, this State, and began life as a printer—this city, Oct. 1, aged 76.

JENKINS, Ira—A prominent citizen of Buffalo, N. Y., and widely known as a shipowner and contractor—Cleveland, O., Oct. 1.

ELIOT, Edward Granville—Third Earl of St. Germans. He had filled many important offices under the British Government, and represented Liskeard in the House of Commons in 1831. He was the East Cornwall from 1837 to 1843. In 1835 he was sent as Envoy to Spain, where he negotiated the famous Eliot Convention. He was afterwards Chief Secretary for Ireland, Postmaster-general and Lord-lieutenant of Ireland. He was also twice Lord-steward of the Household of Lords—London, Eng., Oct. 5, aged 79.

FISH, Rev. Henry Clay—One of the best known Baptist clergymen in this country, and for more than twenty-six years pastor of the First Baptist Church of Newark, N. J. He was born in Halifax, Vt., was graduated at the Union Theological Seminary, New York, and first entered upon his ministerial duties at Somerville, N. J. He was active as a revivalist, and the author of a number of religious works—Newark, N. J., Oct. 2, aged 57.

GILLETT, Augustus I.—A retired New York merchant, and for many years a resident of Newark, N. J. He had contributed frequently to the press, making the subject of antiquity his special study—Newark, N. J., Oct. 3, aged 65.

GILBERT, William H.—Superintendent of the Baltimore City Railway Company—that city, Oct. 1, aged 50.

HALS, Richard—A highly-respected citizen of Pittsburg, Pa., and president of the Iron City National Bank of that place—Pittsburg, Pa., Oct. 2, aged 62.

HAUSMAN, John S.—A local politician in St. Louis, Mo., and well known in the business circles of that city. He committed suicide, for which no cause could be assigned—St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 1.

HUNLEY, John H.—A prominent citizen of Frostburg, Md., and a major in the army during the war. He had been an invalid for many years, and committed suicide by shooting—Frostburg, Md., Oct. 6

HALE, Capt. Owen—An officer in the Seventh Regiment of Cavalry, U. S. A. He entered the volunteer service in 1863, and served two years. In 1866 he entered the regular army as a lieutenant, and in March, 1869, was promoted to the rank of captain. He was killed in the engagement between Gen. Miles' troops and the Nez Percoes Indians, Sept. 30.

LILLIE, Lewis—Well known as the inventor and manufacturer of the Lillie safes—Elizabeth, N. J., Oct. 3.

LATHROP, George A.—A well-known physician of this city—Wailuku, Hawaiian Islands, Sept. 1, aged 57.

MAXWELL, Harry Knox—A well-known merchant of Baltimore, and a member of the firm of David Maxwell & Son, marble dealers—Baltimore, Md., aged 34.

MONTFORT, William P.—An old and highly respected citizen of Cincinnati—Newport, O., Oct. 1, aged 82.

MCLEAN, Charles—An old and respected citizen of Oneida County, this State. He was a native of Glasgow, Scotland—New Hartford, N. Y., Oct. 7, aged 75.

PHILLIPS, Smith R.—Formerly a member of the coal firm of Bemis, Phillips & Co. of Springfield, Mass., and a well-known citizen of that place—Springfield, Mass., Oct. 7, aged 40.

QUARTERMAN, Major George H.—A captain in the Fifth Regiment, Gen. Sickles' Brigade, during the war, where he especially distinguished himself for bravery. In the Battle of Williamsburg he received five wounds, and was afterwards promoted to major. He held the office of Deputy Provost-marshal and also that of Postmaster of Flushing—Flushing, L. I., Oct. 2, aged 40.

SEIKO, Princess—Queen was a sister of the late Emperor of Japan, and aunt of the present Emperor. The fourteenth and last Tycoon of Yeddo, now living in seclusion, was made her son by adoption—Namiya, Japan, Sept. 2.

STANTON, David—For more than twenty years a teacher of penmanship in the various schools of this city. His remarkable skill in the use of the pen gained for him a wide reputation. He was also a musician of merit, and sang in a number of church choirs—New York, Oct. 7, aged 45.

SHANNON, Rev. O. Evans—An Episcopal minister who had been the rector of churches at Honesdale and Philadelphia, Pa., and at Seymour and East Haven, Ct.—New Haven, Ct., Sept. 20, aged 60.

TITIENS, Mlle. Teresa See "Amusement Annals."

TOLMAN, Ebenezer Wales—An eccentric character living at West Roxbury, Mass. Some ten years ago he caused to be erected a monument to his own memory with a glowing inscription commemorative of his achievements and virtues—West Roxbury, Mass., recently, aged 79.

WILSON, John A.—Editor of the Newton, Iowa, *Legal Tender*. He arose in apparently good health on Monday, Oct. 1, and while dressing died of apoplexy—Newton, Iowa, Oct. 1.

YARNALL, Charles—For many years a member of the drug firm of Ellis & Charles Yarnall of Philadelphia. He was a member of the Society of Friends, and took a deep interest in charitable and educational matters—Lansdale Station, Pa., Sept. 29, aged 77.

BASEBALL.

GAMES TO BE PLAYED.

Oct. 9, Eckford vs. Howard, at Philadelphia.
Oct. 9, Boston vs. Cricket, at Binghamton, N. Y.
Oct. 9, Defiance vs. Lechner, at Philadelphia.
Oct. 10, Athletic vs. Defiance, at Philadelphia.
Oct. 10, Boston vs. Star, at Syracuse, N. Y.
Oct. 10, Chester vs. Woodland, at Philadelphia.
Oct. 11, Boston vs. Auburn, at Auburn, N. Y.
Oct. 12, Boston vs. Rochester, at Rochester, N. Y.
Oct. 13, Lowell vs. Fall River, at Lowell, Mass.
Oct. 13, Athletic vs. Alert, at Philadelphia.
Oct. 13, Boston vs. Buffalo, at Buffalo, N. Y.
Oct. 13, Manchester vs. Lowell, at Manchester, N. Y.
Oct. 15, 16, Boston vs. Chicago, at Chicago, Ill.

THE CLOSE OF THE LEAGUE SEASON.

The League-pennant race for 1877 has ended, and the result, in brief is, that Boston is first, Louisville second, Brooklyn third, St. Lou

THE TRIGGER.

RIFLE-SHOOTING IN ILLINOIS.

A three-days meeting, under the auspices of the Dearborn Rifle Club, was held on their range at Stony For., Ill., Oct. 4, 5, 6. The first competition was an inter State match between teams of four, representing respectively Wisconsin, Michigan, and Illinois, 800, 900, 1,000 yds., ten rounds at the two former and fifteen at the last distances. Result: *Illinois*—R. S. Thompson, 44, 45, 61—150; George Willard, 26, 38, 51—115; Walter Burnham, 39, 28, 40—1-7; J. A. Schaffer, 41, 37, 36—104. Total, 476 out of a possible 700. *Wisconsin*—David Hill, 44, 43, 56—143; J. M. Johnston, 43, 40, 39—122; E. Fielding, 39, 42, 19—100; J. C. Wells, 39, 23, 28—90. Total, 455. *Michigan*—C. H. Wolcott, 35, 42, 47—124; J. T. Harrington, 36, 35, 39—113; R. J. Haire, 35, 36, 31—102; S. S. Levy, 32, 29, 40—101. Total, 440. The other competition on the first day was an individual shoot, open to members of regular rifle clubs and associations, 500 yards, ten shots each, for two prizes of plate. Among the competitors were Sir Henry Halford, J. K. Milner, and R. L. Greenhill of the British team, and Frank Hyde of the American team. D. Hill of the Milwaukee team won the first prize, making a perfect score of ten consecutive bull's-eyes. This marksman also led his team. C. Fielding and R. S. Thompson also did splendidly, tieing on 49, and in shooting off Fielding made four bulls in succession to Thompson's three bulls and a centre. Other scores: J. K. Milner, Geo. Willard, and F. Hyde, 48 each; A. G. Alford, Sir Henry Halford, John Johnson, 47; R. L. Greenhill, 46.

On the second day the fifteen experienced more favorable weather, the wind being more steady and lighter, the sky overcast and the light suitable. The great match of the day, and of the meeting, was that for the Dearborn club challenge cup, for which four teams entered—the Wisconsin and Michigan teams who shot on the preceding day, one made up of Halford and three members of the Dearborn Club, and another composed of Milner, W. Rigby, Greenhill and Hyde. The distances were 800, 900 and 1,000 yards, fifteen rounds at each, and the result was the success of the Irish-American squad. Scores follow: *Irish-American*—Milner, 66, 64, 62—188 out of a possible 225; F. Hyde, 57, 58, 52—167; Rigby, 56, 60, 51—167; Greenhill, 56, 54, 56—166; total, 688 out of a possible 900. *British-American*—Thompson, 67, 65, 66—200; Halford, 54, 49, 54—157; Blackmer, 48, 42, 49—139; Willard, 53, 49, 18—120; total, 616. Willard fell off strangely at the longest range, making no less than ten misses and only one bull's eye. *Wisconsin*—Hill, 68, 58, 49—175; Johnston, 66, 54, 38—158; Wells, 55, 49, 51—155; Fielding, 50, 44, 24—118; total, 615. *Michigan*—Walcott, 65, 51, 60—176; Harrington, 55, 55, 42—152; Haire, 57, 41, 43—141; Levy, 46, 41, 28—115; total, 584.

It was less chilly on the closing day of the meeting, with a clear sky, and the wind just strong enough not to cause trouble in firing over the long range. First on the list for the day was a competition at 1,000 yards for a $100 challenge badge, to be held by the winner one year, subject to challenge from members of any regularly organized rifle club or association. A number of first-class marksmen took part, and F. Hyde won with a score of 79 out of a possible 100 in a number of rounds per man being twenty. The other scores were: Fielding, 75; Alford, 74; Walcott, 73; Shaffer, 72; Halford, 71; Haire, 64; Johnson, 59; Fraser, 59. Sir Henry Halford made a bull on the wrong target at second range, which, 300 yards, open to all, 10 scoring shots, off-hand, followed. J. K. Milner won the first prize, Sir Henry the second, and Shaffer the third. Scores: Milner, 45; Halford, 39; Shaffer, 37; Walcott, 37; Fielding, 30; Bliss, 34; Johnston and S. W. Burnham, 33; Sexton and W. Burnham, 29; Levy and F. Hyde, 28; W. Hyde, 29; Fraser and Roberts, 23; Alford, 21. Then came the last competition—the all-comers' shoot: range military match, 200 yards, off-hand, ten scoring shots. The prizes were a gold badge to first, and a gun medal to second. Scores: W. Burnham, 45; J. K. Milner, 41; Bliss and S. W. Burnham, 40; Shaffer, 38; R. O. Bush, 35; Capt. Maxwell and J. W. Roberts, 30; Alford, 29; Capt. Dowling, 27; Sharpe, 23; E. A. Hastings, 21; J. Haven, 7. W. Burnham's lowest shot was an inner, while Milner had an outer.

COMPETITIONS AT CREEDMOOR.

Several interesting competitive trials of skill with the rifle took place at Creedmoor, L. I., on Saturday, Oct. 6. It was not a good day for rifle-shooting at long distances, owing to the brisk north wind which blew unsteadily across the range, and which, combined with the downfall of the dial vane during the storm of the 4th, interfered considerably with the calculations of the shooters, and caused the scores to fall below the usual average. The most important event on the programme was the contest for the Hoban's Rifle Company's prize of $250 in gold, the conditions of which were: Open to members of the National Rifle Association; any rifle within the rules; 800, 900 and 1,000 yards; 15 scoring rounds at each of the ranges, without any sighting shots; no "coaching," "spotting," or exchanging information allowed among the competitors. Entrance fee, $5. The winner of the prize to lead the field at all the distances; otherwise, the highest aggregate score to take half the entrance money. The leading scores were: W. M. Farrow, who made 196 out of a possible 225 points, his count at 800 yards being 72, composed of twelve bull's-eyes and three centres. The other scores were: C. E. Bilodeau, 192; Col. Fisher, 190; A. L. Allen, 186; J. P. Waters, 176; F. Henry, 140; W. Shelby, 117. Twelve members of the Irish-American Club also shot for the club badge, 200 and 500 yards, two sighting and ten scoring shots at each range, standing at the former and any without artificial rest at the latter distance, sporting rifles handicapped; rifle weighing not to exceed 10 lbs. Entrance fee, $1. Kneeland of the Ninth Regiment with a score of 80 out of a possible 100. The other best scores were: F. F. Millen, 94; Leight pole's off for handicap; Corp. T. W. Lamb, 92; Major B. Duffy, 68; Capt. J. J. Kerr, 64; Sergt. N. D. Ward, 64; Lieut. J. Farrelly, 60. The Seventh Regiment experts likewise contended for their diamond badge, 200 and 500yds., seven rounds, Remington rifles, State model. The highest number of points attainable was 70, and the prize was won by Corp. W. Linton, whose score was 49.

MEMBERS of the Fountain Gun Club of Brooklyn, L. I., shot for the champion badge at Parkville Oct. 5. Twenty-six took part, each man shooting at seven birds, handicap rise, 80 yards boundary, 1¼ ounces of shot, and 28 inch barrel scorers were: E. H. Madison and C. Williams, who killed six apiece from the 28 yards mark. In shooting off the tie at three birds Madison killed all, while his opponent knocked over only two. Atkins and Bogart, at 29 and 21 yards respectively, killed five each. A high wind prevailed during the afternoon. Referee, Mr. Walton.

THE BRIGHTON GUN CLUB of Long Branch, N. J., held a shoot for the champion badge of the club on Saturday, Oct. 6, Rhode Island Club rules governing, 21 yards rise, 80 yards fall, seven birds, five traps, 1⅛ ounces of shot, the increase of a quarter of an ounce being allowed after a high wind which prevailed. John Carey and W. J. Nelson killed all their birds, and in shooting off at four more the former knocked every one over, while Nelson finished three. Referee, Wm. P. Cummings.

THE CALIFORNIA TEAM reached San Francisco, Oct. 3, and were escorted up-town by the city military companies. The streets were lined with people, and an enthusiastic reception was accorded the team.

PEDESTRIANISM.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP WALK.—Henry Thatcher, who is matched to walk Lester S. Dow four miles for the championship and $500 a side, arrived in this city on Wednesday, Oct. 3, accompanied by "Brummy" Maddowes, who is looking after Weeks's budding welterite. Thatcher, though but a short time before the public, has made a big name as a fast traveler and a fair one in England, where some time before his departure he issued a challenge to any man in that body, bar Perkins, on level terms. The match between him and Dole will take place Oct. 15, by which time both men will be in prime fettle.

WILLIAM PERKINS, champion walker, desiring to get on one more match previous to retiring from the pedestrian arena, publishes a challenge in *Bell's Life*, in which he offers to give any man in the world one minute and a quarter start in one hour's walking; or he will take £400 to £200 that he walks eight miles and a quarter in that time. He also offers to walk Howes three hours for £100 a side.

GALE SUCCESSFUL.—A cable dispatch informs us that W. Gale of Cardiff, Wales, who on Aug 26 commenced at Lillie Bridge grounds, London, Eng., an attempt to walk 1,500 miles in 1,000 consecutive hours, successfully finished the stupendous undertaking on Saturday, Oct. 6. He has thus excelled Captain Barclay's feat by 500 miles.

POLICE-OFFICER BERNE BUSCH of Newark, N. J., who failed in an attempt to walk 100 miles in 24 hours a few weeks since, will on Oct. 15, 16 make another attempt. The old track has been removed and an entirely new one laid, which was to have been surveyed Oct. 6 by ex-City Surveyor Lipfert.

A TEN-MILE WALKING MATCH, for a silver medal and a bet of £15, between Thomas Lanigan of Salford and Robt. A. Baldwin of Manchester, Eng., was decided near the latter place Sept. 22. The former won by eighty yards, the time occupied being 1h. 36m. 40s. It was an exciting race. Referee, C. Haslam.

H. H. LEE, in answer to John T. Crossley's acceptance of his challenge, says it was intended for amateurs, but that he is perfectly willing to run a six-mile handicap with Crossley at any time, but cannot do so for money or a medal.

WE HAVE A LETTER for Dan O'Leary.

PROF. MILLER AND TH. BAUER are to wrestle again in Graco-Roman style, upon the same conditions as govern their last contest at the American Institute, on Tuesday evening, Oct. 16, at Gilmore's Garden, this city.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Continued from page 231.

AN INTEREST in a magical entertainment can be obtained by a party with capital, or it can be engaged to travel by applying to "Magic Circle," as per card.

THE BANCROFT HOUSE, New Bedford, Mass., is centrally located, and fitted up as a first-class hotel. F. C. Bancroft, the proprietor, states that he has entertained nine-tenths of the troupes that have visited there during the past year, and he offers superior inducements to traveling companies. See advertisement.

BEN F. BOWEN, advance-agent, advertises for an engagement.

CURIOSITIES to travel South are wanted by McIn Bros & Co., who advertise.

REV. ISAAC M. WISE, Jewish rabbi, lectured at the Grand Opera-house, Cincinnati, 7, Subject, "The Wandering Jew."

R. W. WILLIAMS advertises for an engagement as property-maker or wardrobe keeper.

F. E. ROBERTS offers his "Black Hills Exhibition" for sale. See card.

CHARLES MAGEVOY'S Hibernicon and Comedy Company occupied Oddfellows' Hall, Washington, D. C., during the past week, attracting a large attendance. They open in Richmond, Va., Oct. 8 for four nights, thence to Lynchburg and Knoxville.

A DIORAMA, containing thirty scenes, moving figures, etc., is offered for sale by L. Duflocq in the advertised price.

ALL KINDS of magical apparatus and Punch-and-Judy figures can be obtained at W. J. Judd's manufactory, advertised elsewhere.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Omaha, Neb., is closed for repairs until Oct. 20, when it will open under the management of I. N. Snow, also manager of Snow's Academy, Council Bluffs, Ia. Managers can arrange time by applying as per card.

MUSIC HALL, Lewiston, Me., will be completed about Dec. 15, and it is announced as a handsomely-decorated hall, furnished with steam heat, ample exits, elevated floors, and 1,300 opera-chairs. The stage is 37ft. deep and furnished with scenery, drop-curtains, etc. It can be rented by addressing W. M. Chamberlain, who advertises.

CHAS. E. HELM advertises to write sensational and other dramas to order, and to execute all kinds of literary work.

PROF. CHAS. LEE, magician, is requested to send his address to Frank Vanderbilt, as per card.

G. W. M. advertises that he will dispose of an interest in or sell a billposting and distributing business in Philadelphia, Pa.

AMATEUR.

THE GREENWOOD LITERARY CLUB performed "The Colleen Bawn" in South Brooklyn, L. I., at the opening entertainment of their season.

A YOUNG LADY is wanted to perform with an amateur association. See H. C. Maitine's card.

GEORGE M. GODSON advertises that he wants several amateur artists.

THE MIRROR DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION of Philadelphia gave their inaugural performance at their new hall Oct. 4, in which "A Husband to Order," "Who Speaks First?" and "A Thumping Legacy" as the programme.

"GRIFFITH GAUNT" was presented by the Wheatley Dramatic Association of Philadelphia Oct. 3. "Marble Heart" will be produced Oct. 10.

THE CINCINNATI DAVENPORT CLUB inaugurated its season Oct. 4 at Pike's Opera-house, in the presence of a jammed house. The play, "The Poor Gentleman," was acted nicely, and went off without any drags or halts..... The Cincinnati Shakespeare Club commences its season 25, probably with "Saratoga."

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

DRAMATIC.

"MESSALINA," a new tragedy by Cossa, the author of "Nero," was produced at the Stadi Theatre, Vienna, Austria, during the week closing Sept. 15; but, notwithstanding some great dramatic effects, especially in the first two acts, the play, owing greatly to the too realistic and almost indecently life-like conception of the characters of Messalina (Mlle. Frank) and Claudius (Herr Lobe), had to be withdrawn after the second night.

A NEW COMEDY, entitled "Maedchen Schwner" (Girl's Vows), by Moser, was recently acted for the first time at the Silesian watering place Warmbrunn. It is in three acts, and treats of the subject of young ladies breaking their vows of remaining single.

A NEW THEATRE and opera-house is to be built at Leeds, Eng. The company which has been formed for this purpose has a capital of £53,000.

"THE DEOCH AN' DUR'OSS," a new Irish drama by R. Dodson, was to have been produced at the Britannia Theatre, London, Oct. 3.

CABMEN are given free admission to the Park Theatre, London, during the run of "Arrah-na-Pogue."

MISS WALLIS is to make her reappearance on the stage at the Princess' Theatre, Manchester, Eng., Oct. 22, and will make a tour of the provinces before stepping upon the London boards.

THE VOKES FAMILY began an engagement at the Royal Amphitheatre, Liverpool, Eng., Sept. 10.

HENRY IRVING closed a very successful fortnight's engagement at the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, Eng., Sept. 15.

"HENRY THE EIGHTH" continues to prosper at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, Eng.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON concluded an engagement at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, Eng., Sept. 15, and was followed on the 17th by Miss Nellson.

THE FOLIES DRAMATIQUES, Paris, has celebrated, with a ball and supper to the artists, the 100th representation of "Les Cloches de Corneville," and the 200th night of the "Sept Chateaux du Diable" has been feted with similar festivities at the Chatelet.

THE REMAINS of Henry Compton (Chas. Mackenzie) were interred in Brompton Cemetery, London, Eng., Sept. 19. He was seventy-two years of age, having been born at Huntingdon in 1805. He leaves a widow, six sons and two daughters.

THE DUKE D'AUMALE was so pleased with M. Randoux's acting in the part of Louis XIV, in Jules Clarette's military drama "Le Regiment de Champagne" at the Historique, Paris, that he has presented him with a superb pin set in brilliants.

ALEX. HENDERSON of the Criterion and Folly Theatres will reopen the Queen's Theatre, London, under the name of the National, about the third week in October, with "Les Exiles," which had a successful run at the Porte St. Martin, Paris. George Everett has been retained as acting manager.

MRS. EMMA MALVERN, an actress, died suddenly at Egremont, Eng., Sept. 7.

MISS KATE SANTLEY will be the manageress of the New Royalty Theatre, London, which will shortly open for the Fall and Winter season, with "La Marjolaine," Miss Santley in the title-role. Lionel Brough is a member of the company.

T. F. SIMPSON (Thomas Penn) of the Alhambra Theatre, London, died Sept. 9, aged 64.

MUSICAL.

IN PRAGUE a Miss Rebecca Benham, a young Englishwoman, and a pupil of the Vienna Conservatoire, is about to make her debut as Fides in "The Prophet."

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, London, is advertised to be let for three months from the first week in December, when the Autumn season of Italian opera will close.

RICHARD WAGNER is at Bayreuth, engaged upon a new work taken from old heroic legends of Germany.

A CONDENSED VERSION of Offenbach's opera, "The Creole," adapted by Messrs. Farnie and Reece, was first performed at the opening of the Folly Theatre, London, Sept. 15, and it was received with demonstrations of delight by the audience. The parts of Zoe, Rene and Pakatray, created in Paris by Judic, Peschard and Daubray, were respectively sustained at the Folly by Misses Munroe and Bromley and John Howson.

A MONUMENT to Carl Wilhelm, the composer of "Watch on the Rhine," was inaugurated at Crefeld, Germany, Sept. 2.

M. KOSTNER, inventor of the pyrophone, has been decorated with the Spanish Order of Charles III.

SANTE PROFONDO, concert agent, died a short time ago at Milan, Italy.

CAETANO PIRRONE, professor of the flute, died at Palermo, Italy, recently.

HALEVY'S "ECLAIR" has been revived at the Opera Comique, Paris, its first presentation in that city since 1860.

DR. JULIUS RIETZ, the chief conductor at the Opera, Dresden, Germany, died recently. The deceased was born in Berlin in 1812, attracted the attention of the celebrated Spontini as a violoncello-player, and became through Mendelssohn's intervention musical director of the Leipzig Stadt Theatre, under the management of the famous Immerman. After Mendelssohn's death he was appointed conductor of the Gewandhaus concerts and director of the Conservatoire at Leipzig, and in 1860 he succeeded Reissiger as conductor of the Royal Opera at Dresden. He only lately had superintended the revival of Halevy's "Val d'Andorre," and had actually conducted "The Flying Dutchman" on Sept. 6. On Oct. 1 he was to have retired on a well-earned pension.

IGNACE BRULL'S new opera, "Der Landfriede" will be among the novelties to be produced during the Winter season at the Imperial Opera, Vienna, Austria.

THE CARL ROSA English-opera Company began a twelve nights' engagement at the Theatre Royal, Glasgow, Scotland, Sept. 24.

VARIETY HALLS.

PRICE BARNES (John Price Burnham), comic vocalist and dancer, died in London, Eng., Sept. 15, aged 31.

MISS MINNIE LODER, the serio-comic vocalist, was at last advices performing at Day's Crystal Palace Concert Hall, Birmingham, Eng. The Brothers Glifort and G. H. Macdermott were also engaged there.

BABY BUNDLEY is astonishing the frequenters of Cambridge Music Hall, London.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

THE THIRTEENTH ANNIVERSARY of the occupation of St. James Hall, London, Eng., by the Moore & Burgess Minstrels was celebrated on Tuesday evening, Sept. 18, when the house was crowded. Up to that time, 5,973 entertainments had been given by the troupe there, and throughout the greater portion of the past twelve years three matinees have been given weekly. The company have also given numerous representations at the Crystal Palace, Alexandra Palace, Drury-lane, Princess', Gaiety and Globe Theatres, and the Opera Comique, as likewise two hundred and fifty performances at the Standard Theatre, none of which have in any way interfered with the usual programmes at St. James Hall.

SAM HAGUE'S MINSTRELS are meeting with great success at Free-trade Hall, Manchester. Alex. Davis the ventriloquist is with the troupe.

AMUSEMENTS.

FIFTH-AVENUE THEATRE.
OPERA. MAGNIFICENTLY REDECORATED.
WILL REOPEN MONDAY, OCT. 16, WITH THE
HESS ENGLISH-OPERA COMPANY
will inaugurate the Preliminary Season by the production for the FIRST TIME in English of the
"A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM."
Music by Ambroise Thomas; Libretto by M. A. Cooney. Grand Orchestra and Chorus—Conductor, sig. OPERTI. ✱✱ Box-office open to-morrow from 10 to 6. 29-1t

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS,
SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS.
Opera-house, Broadway and 29th street.
Received with screams and thunders of applause.
BIRCH, WAMBOLD & BACKUS'
SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS.
Russell, Wilson, Raymond, Frillman, Prentice, Hart, Ricardo, Johnson, Powers, Gibbons, Mullaly, Birch, Wambold and Backus.
FIRST WEEK OF "HES STRUCK ILE."
THE SCREAMING BURLESQUE OF "SCHOOL."
SEATS SECURED. [29-1t* MATINEE SATURDAY AT 2.

BOWERY THEATRE.
MR. J. W. MEATH.....Manager
MONDAY, OCT. 8, engagement for one week of
MR. J. J. DOWLING, MR. W. T. STEPHENS AND
MISS MAY MAURICE in their sensation drama of
THE TEXAN AVENGER.
Monday, Oct. 15, Texas Jack and Combination. Open dates for stars with good attraction, who will please address for above. 29-1t*

BROOKLYN VOLKS' GARDEN.
HYDE & BEHMAN.....Proprietors
MONDAY, OCTOBER 8.
Chas. L. Banks, Senator Frank Bell,
McDermott and Sheehan, Lauten Sisters,
Geo. Warren, Prof. Seigrist,
Lew and Lena Cole,
Jennie Lindsay, E. D. Gooding.
ARTISTS.
ADDRESS AS ABOVE. 29-1t*

BROADWAY THEATRE.
AIMEE SEASON.
Continued success of the new opera,
LA MARJOLAINE,
AIMEE has achieved another grand triumph in her last and greatest creation, LA MARJOLAINE, which, in consequence of its great success, will be produced until further notice.
MATINEE SATURDAY at 1:30. [29-1t
In rehearsal, "Giroflé-Girofla" and "La Grande Duchesse."

GILMORE'S GARDEN.
SPECIAL
THE LAST
GREAT RATTLE.
TUESDAY EVENING
OCT. 16,
GRÆCO-ROMAN
WRESTLING.
MILLER
vs.
BAUER.
In a match for $500 a side.
Made with articles signed and money deposited Wednesday last, Oct. 3, in the office of the New York
SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.
BEGINNING 8¼ AND ENDING 11¼.
Providing either party wins two falls in three, no draw. 29-1t

TONY PASTOR'S NEW THEATRE,
Nos. 585 and 587 BROADWAY, directly opposite the Metropolitan Hotel.
Proprietor.....Mr. TONY PASTOR
CLAUDE DE HAVEN.....Business-manager
REGULAR ANNUAL RE-OPENING
of this popular theatre, and commencement of the Dramatic Season in New York by Mr. TONY PASTOR and his world-renowned TROUPE OF STARS, after their unprecedentedly successful tour, embracing the principal cities of the Union, from Maine to California.
MONDAY, OCT. 8, 1877,
and MATINEES TUESDAY AND FRIDAY.
Gus Williams, Delehanty and Hengler, Harris and Carroll, Watson and Ellis, the Kernells, the Bennetts, Fields and Hoey, the Austin Brothers, Miss Alice Bennett, the Irwin Sisters, Miss Jennie Satterlee, Miss Agnes Wayright, Frank Girard, and all of Tony Pastor's superb troupe of famous Specialty artists.
Seats secured one month in advance. 29-1t

THEATRE COMIQUE, 514 Broadway.
HARRIGAN & HART.....Proprietors
M. W. HANLEY.....Manager
HARRIGAN AND HART in Edward Harrigan's exquisite picture of Negro Life WALKING FOR DAT CAKE.
ALFRED BURNETT and MISS HELEN NASH in
MR. AND MRS. CAUDLE AT HOME.
LITTLE TODD, the German Wonder.
MISS CLARA MOORE, the Queen of Song.
James Naas and Miss Gussie Crayton in THE CALL BOY.
NEIL BURGESS in Female Impersonations
WILL H. MORTON, the Reformed Sensation Comique.
CHARLES DIAMOND, the Milanese Minstrel.
FERNANDO FLEURY in his Character Changes.
Ada Linwood, Vannetti Bros's, Mr. M. Gallagher, Thomas Barry. First time of Edward Harrigan's farcical sketch entitled MY WIFE'S MOTHER, with HARRIGAN and HART and Mr. NEIL BURGESS in the principal characters. New music by Dave Braham.
WEDNESDAY, MATINEE, SATURDAY. 29-1t

PARK THEATRE.
HENRY E. ABBEY.....Lessee and Manager
SECOND MONTH
of the
CRUSHED TRAGEDIAN,
Mr.
SOTHERN.
MR. DE LACY FITZALTAMONT
hasn't been "so much laughed at since he played Othello."
"She's mine!" "I have her under my thumb!" "Crushed again!" "Have you a little blue fire or soft music about you?" "It's twenty years since I have been in a bank!" "We never drink before dinner!" "Would you prefer taking me in sections?" "She's mine!!!"
EVERY NIGHT AND SATURDAY MATINEE.
BOX-OFFICE OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.
Curtain falls at 10.30.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
FRIDAY AFTERNOON, OCT. 12, 1877.
EDWIN ADAMS' Grand Matinee Testimonial Benefit.
Doors open at 12. Curtain rises precisely at 1.
NOTICE.—On account of the great length of the programme, it is earnestly requested that repetitions will not be asked.
ORDER OF PROGRAMME.
I.
Overture, "William Tell".....Rossini
Gilmore's Band, under the direction of Mr. P. S. Gilmore.
II.
Recitation, "Not in the Programme".....Miss Regina Dace
III.
Comic Songs.....Tony Pastor
(The orchestra directed by Prof. Zaulig.)
IV.
THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.
SCREEN SCENE.
Sir Peter Teazle.....Mr. John Gilbert
Charles Surface.....Mr. Edward Arnott
Joseph Surface.....Mr. Geo. F. Devere
Lady Teazle.....Miss Rose Coghlan
Joseph's servant.....Mr. Peck
By the kind permission of Mr. Lester Wallack.
Choice selections by the Eagle Theatre Orchestra, directed by Mr. H. Wannemacher.
V.
CHANSONETTE NOUVELLE.
LES LECONS D'ANGLAIS (English Lessons).
Music by M. Francis Chassaigne. Words by Mr. Paul Boisselet.
MLLE. MARIE AIMEE.
The Orchestra directed by M. Almeras.
By the kind permission of Mr. Maurice Grau and Mr. J. C. Duff.
VI.
CAMILLE.
FOURTH ACT.
Camille.....Miss Clara Morris
Armand Duval.....Mr. McKee Rankin
De Varville.....Mr. J. W. Carroll
Gaston.....Mr. W. R. Floyd
Gustave.....Mr. E. M. Holland
Prudence.....Mrs. John Sefton
Olympe.....Miss Josephine Baker
By the kind permission of Mr. Lester Wallack, Messrs. Peole & Donnelly and Mr. Josh Hart.
AUXILIARY PERSONS upon the scene in this act will be represented by ladies and gentlemen, PROMINENT MEMBERS of all the Dramatic Companies in New York and Brooklyn. Upward of FIFTY FAVORITES of the stage will appear in this scene.
VII.
Duet.....Mr. William Castle and Mr. Henry Peakes of the Miss English-opera Company.
The orchestra directed by Signor Operti.
By the kind permission of Mr. C. D. Hess.
VIII.
General Mite.....One of the Midgets
The smallest man in the world.
By kind permission of Mr. J. H. Meade.
IX.
STRUCK OIL.
FIRST ACT.
John Stofel.....Mr. J. C. Williamson
Lizzie Stofel.....Miss Maggie Moore
Isaac Stofel.....Mr. Sol Smith
Eben Skinner.....Mr. H. A. Weaver
Sergeant Flynn.....Mr. J. J. Sullivan
Corporal Sharp.....Mr. Sol Smith
Billy Patterson.....Master B. Elling
Popular Airs of the Period by the Union Square Orchestra, directed by Mr. H. Timpson.
By the kind permission of Messrs. Shook & Palmer.
OTHELLO.
THIRD ACT.
Othello.....Mr. Sothern
Iago.....Mr. W. J. Florence
Cassio.....Mr. Louis Aldrich
Desdemona.....Miss Lotta
Emilia.....Mrs. John Drew
Manageress of the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia.
XI.
THE CRUSHED ACTORS.....Messrs. Harrigan and Hart
The orchestra directed by Mr. Dave Braham.
TEUTONIC ECCENRICITIES.....MR. GUS WILLIAMS
By the kind permission of Mr. Tony Pastor.
XII.
Wonderful Imitations.....By MR CHARLEY BACKUS
From the San Francisco Minstrels.
XIII.
BRYANT'S MINSTRELS, in Grand Drawing-room Entertainment, under direction of MR. NEIL BRYANT.
MANAGING COMMITTEE—Messrs. E. A. Sothern, W. J. Florence, John McCullough, William Winter, Horace Wall, J. W. Carroll, Neil Bryant, Dr. Charles Phelps, Schawb, Stanley McKenna, A. L. Parkes, Will Stuart, Felix Lafontaine, J. H. Coppleston, Archie Gordon, J. S. Hagan, W. M. Allen, Dr. Miller, Dr. Charles Phelps, Chandos Fulton, Geo. W. Hows, Maurice Grau and every manager in the cities of New York and Brooklyn.
Treasurer.....Mr. THEODORE MOSS
Stage-manager.....Mr. L. J. VINCENT
Assistant Stage-manager.....Mr. CHO. FRENCH, Jr.
Prompter.....Mr. JOHN P. COOKE
Stage Carpenters—Messrs. Nelson Waldron and H. Weaver.
Doorkeepers—Messrs. W. C. Wemyss, H. Staple and Isaac Wall.
Ushers—Messrs. H. E. Abbey, W. R. Deutsch, Maurice Grau, J. H. Meade, Horace Wall, J. C. Peakes, Morris Simmonds, J. J. Sullivan, Chandos Fulton, S. McGraw, T. E. Morris and Stanley McKenna.
Reserved seats.....$1.50
General Admission.....1.00
Reserved seats and tickets may be procured at the box-offices of all the theatres and at the Academy of Music. The sale will begin at 9 o'clock Tuesday, Oct. 9. 29-1t

EDWIN ADAMS TESTIMONIAL.
REHEARSALS ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
THURSDAY, OCT. 11, AS FOLLOWS:
Full Band, Songs, Dances, Music and all Conductors,
2 P. M. "Camille," 10:40; "School for Scandal," 1:45; "Othello," 2 P. M. [29-1t LEON JOHN VINCENT, Stage-manager.

GILMORE'S GARDEN.
SPECIAL.
MONDAY EVENING, OCT. 15.
GRAND ATHLETIC TOURNAMENT,
under the superintendence of Professor Wm. Miller.
A GREAT PROGRAMME.
Horizontal Bar Gymnastics. Tumbling.
Members of the Electric, Excelsior and other Clubs.
GRÆCO-ROMAN WRESTLING.
William Heygster, of Prussia, and Ernest Treher, of Alsace, for a Gold Watch.
Fencing by Professors Frederick and De Turck.
BOXING—William Edwards, Warwick Edwards.
INDIAN CLUBS—Professor J. M. Ladin against all comers, for a Gold Watch.
WALKING MATCH—One mile. Open to all amateurs who have never won an open competition. Silver medal.
GRÆCO-ROMAN WRESTLING.
Emile Regnier, of France, and Leando Jormares, of Belgium, best two in three, for gold medal.
BOXING—Professors William McClellan and Fredericks.
Feats of strength with heavy dumbbells. R. A. Pennell and Professor Miller.
WALKING MATCH—Three-mile handicap, open to all amateurs. First prize, gold medal; second prize, silver medal. Boxing—Grand final passage at arms. Professor William Miller and Professor Cross, champion.

BRYANT'S OPERA-HOUSE,
Nos. 728 and 730 Broadway, opposite New York Hotel.
UNEQUIVOCAL SUCCESS. FIFTH WEEK.
HOUSE CROWDED NIGHTLY TO ITS UTMOST IN THE CITY.
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TO JENNIE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Pygmalion, who "sculpso" for a living, you know,
Fell one day before a pedestal and pray'd
That the statue upon it would love him, and lo!
The statue stept from its pedestal a maid.

But you, as a statue, dear, cold to the touch—
A nice piece of sculpture you are, to be sure—
Are to me, though I pray to and flatter you much,
Just ten times more cruel than she to her wooer.

For she, Galatea, flew quick to her lover,
And wept on his bosom and called him her dear;
But, though I plead as warmly as that ancient "duffer,"
You won't do as she did, you're no gal o' tear.

As a joke my most ardent avowals you treat,
And laugh in my face at beseechings most tender;
And when I have fallen, in love, at your feet,
You have said, though a "Greek," I was no "Grecian bender."

And once, when I called you hardhearted and cruel—
And I didn't mean all at the time that I said—
You answered in heaping upon me a new ill
By saying your heart was quite soft—like my head.

'Tis thus you have treated my love and affection,
And patient I've borne it all, dear—for why?
I knew, while pretending the greatest dejection,
That my love, like your beauty, was "all in my eye."

DAVID KORTY.

PETITE: A STORY OF FRANCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MY KIND FRIEND
MISS ANNIE WARD TIFFANY,
BY MASTER G. PAUL SMITH.

CHAPTER I.
PETITE.

A lovely being, scarcely formed or moulded,
A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded.
—BYRON.

One Summer-day, Annette Lille—an old woman who got her scanty living by tilling the garden-plot about her hut and selling flowers in the city squares—going into Lyons for her day's trade, saw a brown bundle floating among the weeds and lilies in the bit of water near her cot, and fished it out to find a year-old child in it—left there by some heartless person to drown, no doubt, and laughing merrily at its fate. Annette, childless and aged, took the wee thing to her home and her heart, and the poor, lonely, simple old woman grew to care for the little motherless thing, and she called it Petite. The humble peasant people who were her neighbors caught it, and Petite was, from the day of her finding onward, simply Petite—nothing more, nothing less.

In old Annette's pretty little cottage—a tiny hut, pink all over like the lining of a beautiful sea-shell, in the fashion that the French peasant loves, with its three little latticed windows o'errun with climbing roses and dark ivies, and its low roof all golden and emerald with lichens and stoneworts—here Petite grew from week to week, from month to month, from year to year, until she was big enough and hardy enough to tie up bunches of the sweet blossoms for the market, and finally to carry one of the creamy white-wood baskets for herself, trotting by Annette's side along the green, grass-carpeted roadway into the great city.

After a time it came to pass that the buyers would seek out the little brown head and the beautiful, frank, clear gray eyes, and buy Petite's pansies and roses, whether they wanted them or not, till old Annette came to cross herself and say that a kind deed was not without its reward, for trade was never so brisk as since Petite had stretched out her childish fingers with the flowers. But when Petite was sixteen, kind old Annette sickened and died, and once more the poor *enfant trouve* was alone in the world. Yet she kept up within her a brave little heart, and went on with her simple life as usual, tending her flowers, and selling them in the city anear.

And so it came to pass that all alone she heard the birds sing at daybreak of a warm, odorous June morning, and woke to the truth, the delightful knowledge, that she was seventeen years old. But holidays in a poor peasant's life are few and far between; so Petite, birthday though it was, sprang from her bed at daybreak, ate her simple breakfast of bread and milk and water-cresses, clipped her basket full of posies from out the garden, and went on her way to the city—to her accustomed place under the shadow of a wide-spreading tree in one of the public squares.

The day was a busy one, and Petite had quite a weight of sous in her little pocket when it was over. Only one tiny bunch of dainty pansies remained unsold when she gathered up her basket in the gray of the Summer twilight and started homeward—one wee bunch of fragrant, purple pansies—that was all.

She had gone but a few steps when a voice—a man's voice, low and sweet—spoke at her side:

"Have you any flowers left to sell me?"

Petite looked up; she did not see the man—only his wondrous dark eyes smiling into hers. She did not answer at once, and he repeated the question:

"My day is over," she answered, in her simple, child-like way, "and I have nothing left but a little bunch of pansies."

"They are my favorites among flowers—let me have them."

"If you will accept them, monsieur," she said, "I will give them to you."

He took the tiny cluster, and the velvety petals kissed his lips as he inhaled the fragrance.

"Thank you," he said. "Your pansies are the largest, sweetest, and deepest of color that I have seen this season. I often want flowers—where do you sell yours?"

She pointed to her seat under the king tree.

"What is your name?"

"Petite."

"Petite?"

"Aye, that is all—simply Petite. My parents were the water-lilies—Mother Annette found me and brought me up."

"So your mother was a flower?"

"Oui, monsieur—perhaps that is why I love the flowers so much."

"You are a flower, at any rate, little one."

"The people who buy my flowers often tell me that. Good-night, monsieur," and she went on her way.

The young man stood and looked after the retreating little figure, with its simple garments blowing back in the evening breeze and showing to advantage the delicately moulded limbs, and a curious light came into his handsome eyes, and his soft, slender white hands began a nervous motion.

As he stood there, two other young men joined him—their elegant dress and their high-bred but dissipated-looking faces telling of the class to which they belonged—and one spoke out to him:

"What a pretty little peasant! A new model, Arthur?"

He looked up at them laughingly, and nodded after the little form distance and the night were shutting from their view.

They walked on, and presently entered a theatre. At the door he flung the pansies carelessly, thoughtlessly away, and they fell amid the dust and filth of the thoroughfare. The busy populace went on in its careless, unthinking way, and the sweet blossoms were trodden upon and crushed.

CHAPTER II.

"WITH EMPTIED ARMS AND TREASURE LOST."
He turned him round and right about
Upon the Irish shore,
With adieu forevermore, my love,
Adieu forevermore.—THOMAS MOORE.

Late in the afternoon of the day following, as she sat in the square amid her flowers, he came up to her.

"Have you any more pansies for me this afternoon?" he asked.

"Trade has been rather dull to-day," she replied, "so I have many yet. Here is a beautiful little bunch for you."

"Will you fasten it in my button-hole for me?"

She fastened the flowers as he had desired her to do, and took the pay for them, then turned away from him and began tying up a bouquet of pinks and spear-tree.

"You seem to have entirely forgotten me," he said, his voice mournfully low, his calamitous dark eyes lustrous with a sad expression.

"Not so, monsieur," she replied, looking up at him with frank, honest eyes. "I remember you; but, you see, I speak to so many—so very many—every day, and they are all nothing to me."

"Who is anything to you?"

The insidiousness escaped her, and she replied:

"Mother Annette's grave, the birds, and the flowers."

The day drifted on, and he still lingered. The sun dropped out of sight behind a bank of white clouds hovering on the westward horizon, and she lifted her basket to her arm and started away.

"Are you going home now?" he asked.

"Yes. There will be no more trade to-day. Good-night, monsieur!"

"Wait. Will you let me go home with you and see the flowers as they grow? I should enjoy it exceedingly."

"If you wish you can come, but it will soon be night."

"I can look at them in the moonlight. That will be better still. I am an artist, and love romantic things. Then, too, I want to see your home. I want to see what the house of a fairy is like."

She looked up at him in a sort of bewilderment. He smiled at her utter simplicity.

"I mean you, little one. You are so small and so pretty that you make me think of the fairies—that is all. Can I come?"

"Of course, if you care to."

"If I did not, I would not have asked."

As she walked along by his side she little dreamed of all that was passing in his mind as he let his eyes rest with a certain pleasure on the little feet that pattered beside him on the pave, on the pretty white arms and bosom that showed at frequent intervals as the frills of her bodice were blown back by the evening breeze and her own sprightly motion, for Petite had grown up as pure and innocent as one of the daisies in her own garden.

He went on, and he saw the flowers under the full moon's glorious flood, and the pink cottage, and the goat, and the tame starlings that had their nest under the lichened roof. He had gone there with a fixed purpose in his mind, but when he went away he was not so sure.

The peace of the place, the innocence, purity and trustfulness of its little owner, cooled his passion, and he made up his mind to let her alone if he could.

If he could!

Ah! but her gray eyes were so beautiful and full of sparkle, and her petite form was so fair and exquisitely chiseled, and this dreamful little creature was altogether so like a rosebud, which appears so tight-shut, and so filled with delicious perfumes, and so very tempting, petal within petal, that a child will tear the petals apart, never thinking that he is preventing it from ever being a lovely, full-blown flower, and that he will let in the burning sun, the chilling rain, and the cruel worm to prey upon its tender little heart.

He went away when the city bells were ringing the hour of nine, and Petite did not see him the next day, nor the next, nor the next. She missed him, then grew uneasy, and a strange longing, an unexplained restlessness, took possession of her.

She could not understand herself—there was a void in her bosom never felt there before—and, without volition on her part, her eyes would turn ever and anon and look far down the streets on either hand; and when she would mistake, in the distance, some figure for his, the blood would course through her veins in streams of fire rapidly as lightning, and the little heart within her beat so fiercely that she thought at times it must burst from her bosom.

His lustrous dark eyes haunted her; all through her feverish sleep these three nights she dreamt of him, and awoke each morning tired and unrefreshed.

On the fourth day he came again to the market-place, and, all unthinking, her gray eyes lighted up joyously at his approach, her fair bosom rose and fell, and she held out both her little hands to him, and in one nestled a bunch of dewy, fragrant pansies. He was pleased—aye, thrilled—but it was a dangerous move for Petite.

He went home with her again that night, and this time he told her who he was—Arthur De Fory the artist. Finally he asked the privilege of painting her—he would make a fortune, he said, to produce a picture of her, with her exquisite form, her waving brown hair, her expressionful gray eyes, and her dainty, picturesque dress, with her flowers all about her—the picture to be called "The Flower-girl of Lyons."

As he would wish her to give him all the afternoons until the picture should be completed, he of course offered to pay her for the sittings, knowing, as he did, that she was too poor to lose any time.

At first Petite refused point-blank, saying that she could not accept pay for a work that was not work, but a pleasure to her; but it was finally arranged that he should buy as many flowers as she would be apt to sell in the afternoon and dispose of them to his friends, so she at length consented to become his model. He brought his materials to the cottage, and the picture was commenced. And the Summer days floated away on rosy wings, and life was never again the same for poor Petite—alas! never again!

One warm, sweet October evening the picture was finished. Petite knelt down before the easel. She had never looked at her own sweet face, save in the shop-windows of the city as she tripped to and from her work, and now the lovely vision on the canvas made her wonder.

"Oh," she murmured, "how beautiful! how beautiful! Surely this is not me?"

"My little one," he said, "it does no[t] begin to do you justice. If I could paint you as you really are—if I could only catch that soft light which creeps into your eyes at times when you are thinking—if I could only do that, I would make a picture so beautiful that people far away from here would not believe its counterpart existed. They would say it is only a fancy picture—the creature is too exquisitely lovely to have ever existed save in the brain of the romantic artist who painted her."

"Am I, then, pretty?" Petite asked.

"My sweet, you are beautiful."

"Do you like beautiful people?"

"I worship beauty."

"I am glad that I am pretty."

"Petite, that soft light is in your eyes now. Of what are you thinking?"

"Of you!"

He said never a word, but gathered up his artist's traps and the picture that was to astonish all Europe, and started away.

"You will come again to-morrow?" she questioned.

"Have I not told you? I leave Lyons this week. I go to my home in Paris."

"You will come back?"

"In time."

"Soon?"

"In less than a year, probably.

She stood a moment and looked at him with wide, burning, tearless eyes, with face as white as death. Then her bosom rose and fell, and with a piteous gesture she stretched her slender white arms out to him.

He put down his things, and for a moment held her close in his arms, and laid on her rosebud lips long, tender, passionate kisses. Then he put her from him, took up his things once more, and went on his way. He had played with her as a cat does with a mouse before he despatches it.

A sharp, sudden, heart-broken cry reached him as he walked down the flower-bordered path, but he did not turn back; and away in Paris a young wife—pathetically ugly, but very wealthy—awaited his coming.

He kept on, and into the cottage the moonlight drifted in a silver flood and fell upon a little figure lying there, white and cold. Where he had found peace and happiness he left desolation.

CHAPTER III.

"I AM WEARY WAITING FOR THE MAY."
Come, for my arms are empty,
Come, for the days they are long.—ANON.

Petite went on in her dull routine of everyday life, growing thin and white, and getting a heart-touching look in her eyes that reminded one most pathetically of a lost lamb or a homeless dog.

Still she hoped, and the burden of her daily prayers was: "Bring him back to me." But she grew very tired of waiting—oh, so very tired of waiting; tired of the long, dreamy days, of the restless, sleepless nights; tired of life without him.

But she had faith to believe that he would come some time, and this, together with her work, kept her alive. The people, though, noticed how pale and wan their little favorite was growing, and they questioned her if she had been ill; but she answered them "No," and the wiser ones whispered to each other of disappointed love, while the simpler or more heedless ones thought no more about it.

And, as the time passed on, they grew to wonder no more, and it seemed just as natural to see her there sad-eyed and white of face, as it had in the days agone to see her with sparkling eyes and damask cheeks.

And the Autumn frosts tore the leaves from the trees, and the snows of Winter fell; again the snowdrops and crocuses of Spring smiled at her from the black earth, and once more the roses and pansies of Summer blossomed in her garden—but he never came.

One bright August day—a day on which the sun shone, and the birds sang, and all the world, save her, seemed happy and gay—two gentlemen passed in the shade of the tree beneath which she sold her flowers, and they set them down on a rustic bench, and the younger gentleman read to the elder from a Parisian newspaper.

Petite could hear every item, but she did not notice much until she heard *his* name read; then the flowers she was holding dropped from her hand, and she stood up breathlessly and listened while he read:

Arthur De Fory, the famous artist, whose magnificent picture of 'The Flower-girl of Lyons" caused such a furor when it was exhibited last Fall, lies dangerously ill in Paris.

She waited to hear no more. She gathered up her flowers and ran out of the square, breathless with haste, her heart astir with a great resolve. He was ill—that was why he had not come back to her—but no matter now; she would go to him.

She was not quite sure where Paris was; she knew not if it was far or near, or on which side of her it lay. But she had often heard of it as a great city, and she knew that people went on the cars to reach it.

The afternoon had deepened into twilight by the time she reached the great, noisy, bewildering depot, where the "steam eagles" shrieked and panted all the day and night long. There were lights flashing, bells clanging, crowds surging to and fro, as she ran up.

"To Paris?" she asked bewilderingly, following the direction which she saw others going. Some kind-hearted man put her into the right car. Presently there was the sound of a clanging bell, and the night express rushed on its way to Paris.

When the conductor came around and reached out his hand, she stared up at him in silent astonishment.

"Your ticket," said he impatiently.

"Ticket," she repeated, scarcely understanding. "I have none."

"Then the money for your fare."

Petite gave a great cry, then sat there trembling, trying not to sob. Money! She had never once thought of money, poor, simple child. She either did not know or she had forgotten that love and willingness went for nothing in this cold, selfish world.

"I have no money, monsieur," she said, "but ——"

"I shall have to put you off at the next station," he answered briefly, and turned away.

She stretched out her arms piteously, and looked up at him with tearful eyes.

"Take me, do take me!" she cried. "He is ill—dying, perhaps. Oh, I beg of you, take me!"

But he had gone on and did not hear. At the next station rough hands placed her on the platform, and with a snort and a roar the train sped on its way, and left her standing there alone in the chill of the August evening.

For a moment she stood there white and silent, crushed and desolate; then she turned to a man standing near, and asked the distance to Paris.

"Nearly three hundred miles!"

"Could I walk it?"

"Walk to Paris? Mon Dieu!" and the man laughed and went into the building.

But Petite did not despair. It was not the distance that discouraged her; it was the time that must intervene before she could possibly reach him. He might die, and then her journey would be all for naught.

She started on the road which some person told her led to Paris. The night was moonlit, she felt no fear. By-and-bye her basket grew heavy on her arm, and, after taking from it a bunch of purple, golden-hearted pansies, she left it on the steps of a roadside hut.

She walked on day after day, getting an occasional ride in a farmer's cart, being fed and given a place to sleep by the kind-hearted peasant-folk along the way.

No one harmed her, and the people as she passed would gaze after the little figure with its sad, sweet face, and cross themselves, and murmur the name of the blessed Mere Marie. Petite often felt tired and faint, but she kept bravely on, and on the nineteenth day of her journey saw Paris.

The sun was sinking behind a bank of crimson and purple westward clouds as she entered the city. Now, for the first time, her heart sank within her—she did not know the street in which he lived or the number of his house. But again she took heart—surely the residence of a person so famous must be generally known—she would inquire.

She accosted a gentleman. Arthur De Fory?—no, he had never heard the name before. The next person she asked was a woman. Yes, she had heard of him, had seen his wonderful picture of "The Flower-girl of Lyons"—little she guessed that the pale, hungry-eyed little creature before her was its original—but where he lived, that she did not know. And thus Petite kept on, asking everyone she met, and some had heard of him and some had not, and some had seen him, but no one knew where he lived.

The eleventh person she questioned was the one—he knew where the great artist lived, street and number. He was going past there now, and, wondering much what this pale little peasant could have to do with the celebrated painter, he offered to show her the way.

It was quite night when she reached the place—a great stone building with marble steps leading up to a massive porte, which stood open.

"Go up to the second floor, then turn to the right," her guide said. "His apartments are there, and his name is on the door."

Petite thanked the man, and climbed the stairs. A fear stole over her as she noted the grandeur of the place—a fear that she might not be wanted. At the top of the second flight of stairs she turned to the right, opened gently the door bearing his gilded name, and spoke out softly:

"I have come to care for you—it is Petite—and ——"

The words died on her lips, and she stood there like one turned to stone—her face white and awful, her gray eyes dilated, her rosebud lips drawn over her set teeth in a hard bluish line, her wasted hands clasped over her bosom.

Before her was an elegant room, softly lit by a gas chandelier of porcelain-globed jets. In a large fauteuil near its centre he reclined, pale and evidently just recovering from an illness, but as handsome as ever; and at his feet a woman sat holding his slender hands in hers, and gazing up into his eyes with a tender expression in her own which rendered her plain face almost beautiful, and she was saying:

"Oh, my husband! my darling husband! my own sweet love! how thankful I am to see you once more able to sit up—to talk to me."

Petite stood there a moment and looked, then turned and fled. Down the broad staircase she flew, out into the busy street, her aching limbs never abating, her tired, blistered feet never pausing; she ran on, and on, and on, never once slackening her speed until the river's brink was reached.

On the bank she stood and stretched out her little arms, and looked up to the star-gemmed sky with those wide, wild, tearless eyes.

"He does not love me," she whispered, "and my heart's ache so, and I am so tired! Take me, dear God! Oh, my love! my love! my love!"

Then she threw herself forward with a little, weary sigh, and the dark waters wrapped their arms about her. When the midnight moon came floating up the clear sky, she lay there near the bank, her little form upheld by the stout larus stalks and the lily leaves, still and silent, with her sad, sweet face upturned to the moonlit sky; and in the dainty hand which lay upon her bosom there rested a tiny bouquet of withered, odorless pansies.

A SMALL BOY'S THOUGHTS OF SCHOOL.

"The cause of education be hanged!" he muttered as he sat down on the curbstone on Shelby street yesterday.

He was a lad of thirteen. He spit through his front teeth, and he spit often. His pants were supported by a piece of wire clothesline girded around his waist, his hat was ancient and greasy, and his big flat feet seemed to be waiting for a thunder-shower to wash them clean.

"That's what ails me!" he went on as he pushed his toes into the wet sand. "I don't believe in a feller diffing in and learning all there is to learn, and not letting other folks have a chance. There's lots of other folks in this world besides me, and I aint going to be a hog and try to learn all there is to learn."

After a minute he went on:

"Don't I know 'nuff now? Three times two are six, four times five are twenty, and four and four are eight. That's as correct as I could get 'em if I went to school for 100 years. And don't I know how to spell? C-a-t is 'cat' the world over, and I'll bet on it every time. H-e-n spells 'hen,' and I know it as well as if I weighed a ton."

He rose up to throw a stone at a dog across the street, and after resuming his seat he went on:

"Jogerfy kinder wrestles me down, but I don't go much on jogerfy. What do I care whether an island is entirely surrounded by water, or whether there aint any water within ten miles of it? S'pose I'm going to buy and sell islands for a living? I don't care which is the highest mountain or the longest river, do I? I'm going to keep a feed-store, and when I'm rolling bales o' hay around will I care about mountains and rivers? I've heard the boys go on about exports and imports, and straits, and seas, and capes, but what's them to me? If a feller wants a bag o' oats, is he going to wait and ask me when the Island of Madagascar was discovered?"

He carefully examined the big toe of his left foot and the heel of his right foot, and gloomily observed:

"The old folks are making ready to push me into school and I've got to make ready to keep out. I can't take to school, somehow. I could sit here and study all day, but the minute I get into a school I'm nervous. Something's going to happen to me this week. I'll be taken home in a wheelbarrow with a big gash in this heel or this toe almost cut off. That will mean four weeks on a crutch, and they don't allow lame boys to go to school and crutch up and down the aisles. Or, sposin' I go home with a palpitation of the heart? The old lady has had it, and I won't more than get into the house before she'll have me tucked up on the lounge, the camphor-bottle down, current jell and sponge cake in the distance, and she'll call out to the old gent:

"'Pa, but it's no use of thinking of sending this boy to school. He looks stout and healthy, but he's a mere shadder. The close atmosphere of the schoolroom will kill him before snow flies.'"

The boy rose up. There was a grin all over his face, and he chuckled:

"Palpitation is the key-note. A sore toe can be seen; a palpitating heart is hidden away under hide and fat and ribs. Now, then—oosh—woosh, u-m-m-m—hold yer breath, kick out yer left leg and make her bob around like a fly on a hot stove-cover."—*Detroit Free Press.*

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

A man with weak eyes and green spectacles came wandering into the office the other day and wanted us to head a subscription to build a monument over the grave of Brigham Young. We declined. We flatly refused, saying that Mr. Young's family was big enough to provide him with enough monuments to reach from the grave halfway to heaven.

"So you won't put down a dollar?" asked the weak-eyed man.

"Not a solitary dollar," we said, "not a nickel, not a stingy red cent."

"What!" he replied in amazement. "And here is the very place I expected to get the list headed, right here at the literary centre of this busy metropolis. You won't give a paltry dollar in irredeemable, fluctuating currency for a monument over the grave of the author of 'Night Thoughts,' won't you? You——"

But we assured him that Brigham Young never wrote a line of "Night Thoughts," and that the author of that poem died more than one hundred years ago.

"What!" exclaimed the weak-eyed man, "Brigham Young didn't write 'Night Thoughts?'"

"Not a thought," we said; "he never thought after dark; he went asleep."

"Well, what did he write?" the monument-canvasser asked.

"Never wrote anything," we told him; "he didn't know how to write; signed his receipts for money with an X, and preached his sermons offhand, because he didn't know how to make notes."

"Well, well, well," the agent said musingly, "how this world is given to lying! What did Brigham Young do if he didn't write poetry, and couldn't write, and never thought anything?"

"Married," we said, "married. Didn't need to think to do that. The less he thought the more he married, and when he died he had so many wives and children that his funeral looked like a boundling hospital and charity-school procession."

The man rose wearily and started for the door, pausing to ask:

"Where is your public library? I must read up a little on the public men of our day. Strange, passing strange, that I should have got this stranger named Brigham, of whom I never heard before, so badly mixed with Edwin Young."—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

"AMONG THE LILIES."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY CHARLOTTE M. STANLEY.

And lies asleep on the pond's dark breast:
Frantic with shame and despair, Love's Fool
Has found her grave in the silent pool!
And swings and sways as the waters flow,
Sways and swings as the sad winds blow.
O maid too frail! O maid too fond!
O strange white lily afloat on the pond!
Swift and free, swift and free,
Both pond and river roll down to the sea!

Kissing thine eyes in their last long sleep,
Sweet pond-lilies thy secret keep;
Clustering close around thy cold face,
Kind pond-lilies thy form embrace;
Tangled with lillies thy golden hair,
White as the lilies thy features fair,
Purer now than e'en lilies can be,
Float out with the lilies to river and sea.
Float out, O thou Lily-blossom of Pain,
Where none but the angels can find thee again!

NOT WISELY, BUT TOO WELL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MRS. E. BUREE COLLINS.

"Who is she?"

We were standing on the veranda of a small hotel in picturesque Switzerland, my friend Strathmore and I. Our eyes were bent on two people—a lady and a gentleman—who had just alighted from a carriage and were slowly ascending the steps. Strathmore shrugged his shoulders a trifle lazily; then a sudden interest of recognition overspread his features as he caught a glimpse of the lady's face. He doffed his sombrero and his indifference at the same time.

"I'll answer your question directly, Warrington," he said, under his breath, as he stretched out his long limbs and strolled off in the direction of the new arrivals.

The lady was, perhaps, five-and-twenty, tall, slender, delicate, with a face like a beautiful cameo—fine cut and creamy white. She leaned on the arm of her companion, an elderly man, whose white hair and beard and wrinkled visage formed a strange contrast to her beauty. "Her father, doubtless," I thought, as I watched Strathmore, and noted the *empressement* with which he was received. I was glad of any break in the routine of our daily lives, for this lonely Swiss valley was becoming monotonous to Strathmore and myself. We had tarried there for some weeks, until one by one the other tourists had departed, and we were now the sole guests at the little hotel.

For the past six months we had been wandering over Europe, killing time in the most approved fashion—both young New-Yorkers, with plenty of means at our command, and an unlimited faculty for disposing of it. Seeing Strathmore beckon to me, I made haste to obey the summons. The old gentleman had stepped from the side of the lady and was speaking earnestly to my friend. The lady's eyes were bent upon a bunch of idleweiss which someone had just placed in her hand. I approached Strathmore.

"Allow me," he began hastily—"the Marquis De Lansac, my friend, Mr. Arthur Warrington."

"A marquis! Can such things be?" I said mentally, while the old nobleman courteously acknowledged the introduction. He passed his arm through Strathmore's, and turned towards the lady, who had now drawn near.

"Madame La Marquise," began Strathmore somewhat pompously. I did not hear any more. I have a faint recollection of deporting myself passably, and getting through the presentation somehow; all the rest is dim and indistinct to my remembrance. But from the moment that those strange, mysterious eyes met mine I felt that I was lost.

Love at first sight! How often it is ridiculed and scoffed at, and how few profess to believe in its existence! I, too, had ever looked upon it as the ravings of some lovelorn swain, or the imaginings of a disordered brain. Yet, standing there that morning, I felt that the bitterest moment of my existence had arrived, the hardest blow of my life had been struck, in my heart the wonderful aloe had blossomed. From the first moment I saw her I felt that I loved this woman; and she—she was the Marquise De Lansac—and the wife of another man.

The days rolled by, and still we all lingered. I rested in her presence as the weary traveler in the desert rests beside the springing fountain, and drank sweet draughts of bliss; but alas! the draughts were poisoned. I hid my secret away as in a tomb, seal'd from the eyes of the gay, smiling, deceitful world, which would scoff at me, were the truth known, and yet which carries in its own bosom many and many a plague-spot just below the surface, out of sight. I was very young, and I meant to do right; but I felt that for me there was but one woman in the world—Solome, the Marquise De Lansac—and a wedded wife!

I decided at last to leave her presence; it was madness to remain. So, one morning, standing with Strathmore in the *salon* at the hotel, I communicated to him my intention. We would start for America at once. My friend looked surprised.

"Pshaw, Warrington," he began. "There is no hurry. Let us remain till the end of the month. I'm positively enjoying myself with the old Marquis. He's delightfully aristocratic, and yet seems not to forget that, though we are plebeians, it's just possible that we may be human; and that's more than we can say for other scions of nobility with whom it has been our good fortune to meet. Stay, Warrington, till the last of the month—do!"

Promising to consider the matter, I turned away, and found myself face to face with Madame La Marquise. She was very pale, and there was a strange, startled look in her great, dark eyes. She extended one hand as though involuntarily.

"*Do stay!*"

The words seemed to drop from her lips without her volition. Her bosom heaved with suppressed emotion; she trembled like an aspen. Strathmore had lounged away out of the room. It was not like woman's. It is like the tree torn up by the roots and exposed to the scorching sun—it dies—and can never again take root and flourish.

Compressing my lips grimly, with Strathmore's arm around me I turned away. Salome sprang to her feet like an enraged empress. There was the fire of incipient madness burning in the depths of her luminous eyes.

"You love me no longer, Arthur Warrington?" she demanded.

"I do not!" I answered coldly. "I cannot love a murderess!"

She folded her arms upon her breast despairingly.

"It is ever thus," she wailed; "we women, we ask for bread and get a stone!"

It was her last protest.

Then I came away with Strathmore, and left her alone forever. Aye, forever! The next morning, from a black and dreary pool, beneath a clump of gloomy old trees, they drew forth the lifeless body of Salome, the Marquise De Lansac, and laid her away in the grand marble tomb of her husband's ancestors. And since then, over the wide world I wander, up and down and to and fro, seeking rest and finding none. In my heart there is a ceaseless remorse, at the root of my life the worm that dieth not. Last year I visited the tomb of the De Lansacs, her last long home, and I saw inscribed beneath her name these words: "She loved not wisely, but too well."

A SMART YOUNG CHAP.—St. Louis has a young negro who possesses remarkable powers of ventriloquism. There is not a steamboat, tug or ferry-boat between St. Louis and New Orleans the whistle of which he cannot closely imitate. The bellowing of a bull, cackling of chickens, barking of dogs, roaring of a lion, or the caterwaul of the midnight cat are as easy to him as talking. The lowing of cattle, noise of moving trains, with puffing of engines, chirping of birds and the scraping of a violin are almost perfectly imitated. Frequently he has been seen to entertain a crowd with a lively tune on an imaginary violin, while he kept time on a banjo of equally imaginary character.

BEER STORY.—In a general way, it is not the thing to have your organist and saloon-keeper blended, as it were, in one and the same person. Something ridiculous is sure to come of it. The other day the organist and saloonist had been up quite late on Saturday night waiting on customers, and next day, while presiding at the organ, fell asleep. At the end of the sermon, when the hymn had been given out and the choir was in readiness to begin singing, one of them shook him up, and, awaking with a start, the noble tapster electrified the congregation by shouting at the top of his voice: "Rose". fife gloss pier!"

kept close beside him all but one little minute. O bon Dieu! bon ——"

"Hush!" I cried sternly. "Answer me at once. Where is Monsieur Le Marquis?"

"Dead!"

"What do you mean?"

The man gazed into my face with solemn, frightened eyes.

"He fell over the precipice, Monsieur," he answered, slowly and impressively, "and was dashed to pieces on the rocks below."

With an awful feeling of suffocation at my heart, I fled back to my own apartments. I could not face *her* yet.

In an hour or two the door opened to admit Strathmore. He was frightfully pale, and looked like the ghost of his former self. He went straight to the sideboard and dashed off a huge glass of brandy. I raised my eyes to his face.

"Tell me, Strathmore, tell me all, now!"

He turned away abruptly. Great beads of perspiration stood upon his clammy forehead; he bowed his head on his trembling hands. Silence reigned in the room for a few moments. At last:

"You have heard Pierre's statement?" he asked, and even then I noticed the agitation in his voice, agitation which meant more than even the horrible death of his old friend seemed to warrant.

"And it is correct?" I queried.

"Correct!"

He smiled a grim, ghastly smile. Was his brain giving way? I dropped my hand upon his brow.

"You are fearfully excited, Strathmore," I said in a soothing tone. "I will only put one more question, and then let the veil of oblivion fall upon this awful occurrence. Have they found the body?"

He looked searchingly into my face.

"God!"

He ground the word between his set, clenched teeth.

"Warrington, I believe you to be the soul of honor. I've trusted in you, Arthur, as in my own salvation. For God's sake, don't tell me that you are glad that old man is dead!"

What could I say? To acknowledge it seemed a sacrilege, an almost connivance at his death. And yet *could* I regret it, since Salome was free? I turned away without a word. I heard Strathmore groan. I bowed my head upon a table beside me and sobbed as though my heart would break. Weak and womanish, no doubt; yet I was but a mere boy, and she—God help me!—was my first, my last, my only love!

There are hearts—rare, indeed, but they do exist—that can love but once. Woe to such hearts when they set their all upon one throw of the die. I think they know even in this life what it is to be cast out into that nether darkness, where hope cometh not and the light is quenched, and there is "weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth," and the utter blackness of darkness forever. When I lifted my head Strathmore was speaking.

"We have made strict investigation," he was saying, "and, having descended to the lower portion of the precipice, have found the shapeless mass, which, only this morning, was the living casket, containing as honest, noble, and upright a soul as ever lived, Arthur!"

He arose, and, taking my hand, looked down into my eyes with unutterable pity in his own. "You are so young; God help you! The day will come when you will wish that he were here—alive and in the flesh. In that day come to me, my friend—my poor, poor boy!"

His voice trembled and broke. He darted away, and I saw him no more.

When I looked upon Salome again she was robed in deepest mourning garments. Her face was pallid, and her eyes wore a far-away look, but she was more beautiful than ever. A party of her friends had arrived, on receipt of the dreadful intelligence, and in a few days she was to depart.

It was the evening before the day appointed for her departure; the last evening we would ever be together, unless ——

I could not bear the doubt. I seized my hat and rushed out into the old-fashioned garden attached to the little hotel. My brain was in a whirl of excitement, half mad with the woe of the coming separation. The flutter of black robes caught my eye, and I saw Salome enter an adjoining Summer-house. All my heart seemed to rush in a torrent to my lips. In one brief moment I made up my mind; I would know all then, would learn if there was the possibility of a hope. It would not shock her feelings, for she had never loved him, and if I could assure myself of one tiny ray of light to guide my footsteps towards the goal of my hopes I would rest content. Youth is ever rash. I paused not to consider, but with a wildly-beating heart strode into the Summer-house. I went straight up to her.

"Salome!"

She looked up, her eyes shining, a faint flush on her pearly cheek.

"You will forgive me," I cried madly, "but I cannot wait! Tell me if there is even the slightest hope; I will cling to it as the drowning man clings to a straw. You do not misunderstand me, Salome?"

She turned full towards me, both hands outstretched, within her eyes the light of a mighty love.

"I do not," she answered simply. "I am yours forever, to have and to hold till ——" She paused.

"Till death us do part!" I added as I clasped her in my arms.

A tremor shook her slight frame; she grew white as a snow-wreath.

"My darling!" I cried wildly, "what is the matter?"

She put me from her. There was a strange, unearthly look upon her pallid face.

"You will always love me, Arthur?"

"Always, Salome. What could part us?"

"What, indeed?" How defiant her tone was!

"The memory of the past!"

The voice pealed out beside us, hollow and unnatural. In our startled terror we turned. Strathmore stood there, white and ghostly.

"Salome, Madame La Marquise!" he said, in low, stern tones, transfixing her with an awful gaze. "Your day is past! Arthur, my poor friend, you love this woman?"

"As my own soul!" I cried fiercely.

"Then God have mercy on you!"

"What do you mean, Strathmore?"

"I mean this. I charge yonder lady—Madame La Marquise De Lansac—with the murder of her husband!"

My eyes turned helplessly upon Salome. She was standing white and rigid. I threw my arms around her, and turned defiant eyes upon Strathmore's white face.

"You are mad!" I answered slowly, "and—she—is my betrothed wife!"

A low moan fell from his parted lips.

"I hoped to be in time," he said wearily. "I did not dream that it would come so soon. I tell you, Arthur Warrington, this woman is a murderess! With my own eyes I saw her push her husband over the precipice. I was standing near, half concealed by rocks and foliage, and she knew not of my presence. By the God that made me, I swear that I am speaking truth!"

My arms dropped slowly from about Salome. I turned and faced her despairing, wild. Something choked and gasped in my throat. Strong hands seemed tearing at my heart.

"Salome, is this thing true?"

My voice sounded away off—faint and indistinct. It might have come from amid those dreadful rocks, where the mangled form had lain, with white and upturned to the pitiless sky. I could not see; all the earth was wrapped in darkness. But, clear and steady, and mockingly through it all, her voice came across the distance, and bridged the chasm between us. "It is true."

Something crashed down upon my brain, stunning me, granting me the boon of forgetfulness for a brief space. When I looked up once more, her voice was sounding still, with that same clarion ring of defiance.

"My whole life has been one agony!" she was saying. "I was sold to that man—for wealth, and position, and title. I never loved him; and when I met you, Arthur Warrington, I learned to hate him. I discovered your love for me, and then—then—I did not care for anything else in the world. My soul was strong for any deed of darkness; I was tempted, and I fell! For your sake I sold myself to the evil one; for your dear love I have cast away my soul!"

She clasped her arms about me imploringly. I turned away shudderingly. An awful light grew into her eyes.

"You scorn me?" she asked piteously, and as though it were beyond belief. "By my sin I have lost you, too? Oh, no! no! Do not say that, Arthur! Say that you forgive me, and will love me still. It was for your sake, Arthur. No matter what sin you might commit, I would not turn from you! For the love of God, do not cast me off!"

She fell upon her knees at my feet—she, the proud, the wealthy, the titled, who, through the power of her wealth and beauty, held the world within her grasp.

But when a woman sins for a man's sake she forfeits his love and respect. His idol is fallen in the dust; the veil is rudely torn from his eyes, and so his love perishes forever. Man's love is not like woman's. It is like the tree torn up by the roots and exposed to the scorching sun—it dies—and can never again take root and flourish.

Compressing my lips grimly, with Strathmore's arm around me I turned away. Salome sprang to her feet like an enraged empress. There was the fire of incipient madness burning in the depths of her luminous eyes.

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She folded her arms upon her breast despairingly.

"It is ever thus," she wailed; "we women, we ask for bread and get a stone!"

It was her last protest.

Then I came away with Strathmore, and left

AMUSEMENT ANNALS--CLIPPER SERIES, NO. XXIV.

TITIENS.

Never again shall be heard the sweet singer who for nineteen years was the idol of musical London, the favorite of Dublin as of Edinburgh—whose Donna Anna in "Giovanni" stood alone in intensity of feeling, whose depiction of the title-role in Cherubini's "Medea" was applauded as one of the grandest interpretations of tragedy in song, whose genius was seen in all its majesty in Beethoven's "Fidelio," and whose Lucrezia Borgia and Norma were far beyond even the hope of rivalry. Teresa Titiens died in London, Eng., at two o'clock on the morning of Oct. 3, after a swiftly fatal illness, due to an encysted tumor whose fibrous adhesions defied the surgeon's knife. Mlle. Teresa Titiens (or, to be orthographic, from the Hungarian standpoint, and not the German, Fraulien Theresa Tietjens, by which name she used to be known) was born in the little village of Ischl, Austria, in June of 1834. She was of German descent, and reared in Hamburg. Her father, we believe, died at a remote period; but her mother attained to her seventy-fourth year, dying at Finchley, Eng., July 20, 1870. The peculiar sweetness of the voice of Titiens as a child attracted the notice of a professional teacher, and she was educated with a special eye to the career in which she was destined to become so distinguished. Her musical tuition, finished in Vienna, began in Hamburg when she was but twelve years old. At fifteen, or in 1849, she made her public debut in Hamburg as the majestic Lucrezia Borgia, a character far beyond her years, but not so with respect to her figure, which was already tall and commanding. She repeated the role, but her debut had much more of promise in it than of immediate success. Her professional schooling in earnest may be said to have occurred at the Royal Opera, Frankfort-on-the-Main, to which she went in 1850, and where she remained for several seasons. About 1856 she made her Vienna debut at the Imperial Opera, as Donna Anna in "Don Giovanni," and was enthusiastically received, subsequently confirming that success in "Norma," "Fidelio," "Le Nozze di Figaro," "Les Huguenots" and "Il Trovatore."

The lately deceased Mme. Juillien, whose unfortunate husband will be remembered for his colossal concerts in the United States [illegible] announced the idea of introducing Titiens to London, and broached it to Gye the impressario, who failed to improve the opportunity, and Mme. Juillien next tendered the hint to the late Benjamin Lumley, who in 1858 went to Vienna, where she was then singing in conjunction with the French tenor Roger, and with the aid of a go-between secretly engaged her for Her Majesty's Theatre. There, on April 13, 1858, as Valentine in "The Huguenots" to the Raoul of Sig. Giuglini, she made her English debut in Italian opera, and created a profound impression. After a brief period spent in Vienna, she returned to London when, on April 25, 1859, E. T. Smith inaugurated a season of Italian opera at Drury-lane. She was also under Smith's banner when, on March 10, 1860, with Piccolimini and others, he began a season at Her Majesty's Theatre, to which house she returned in 1862 under the management of Lumley. Meanwhile she had endeavored to prepare herself for English opera; but, finding the English language more difficult to sing than she had thought it to be, in the Summer of 1860 she abandoned her intention. Subsequently she was enabled to speak English almost fluently, though she did not sing in it. In the Winter of 1862-3, after it had been stated that she would appear in America and had already secured passage, she went to Naples, Italy, where at first she crowded the house nightly at treble prices. She returned to London in March, 1863, under contract to Mapleson for five years, as was announced at the time, and, we also announced, at a salary of $50,000 per annum. On the 23d of May, at Her Majesty's, she had a narrow escape from death through the sleeve of her inflammable dress catching fire while she was bending over the footlights to present to Sig. Arditi, conductor of the orchestra, one of several bouquets that had been thrown to her. Her presence of mind in quenching the flame with her hand saved her. On June 11 she was the original in England of Marguerite in Gounod's "Faust." On Aug. 29 she made her Paris debut at the Grand Opera, as had been anticipated that she would remain and assist in the first production of Meyerbeer's "L'Africaine," which his subsequent death postponed until the Spring of 1865, however; but, having completed her original contract, which included four representations of "The Huguenots," as Valentine in which she had made her debut, she quitted Paris in the second week of September, and reappeared at her Majesty's, London, on Oct. 24. On March 29, 1866, as Norma, she made her first bow in Covent Garden, while en route to Her Majesty's. The prices were trebled, and yet many hundreds of persons from Bonn, Coblentz, and other Rhenish towns were obliged to return without hearing her on any one of the four nights on which she appeared. A petition on the part of the disappointed, signed by over seven thousand persons, and begging her to visit them but for one evening, and on her own terms, had to be declined because of her needed presence in London. It was accompanied by a silver crown, bearing the arms of Crefeld, Dusseldorf, Hanover, Minden, Essen, &c. At Cologne and Hamburg she received one-half the receipts, frequently amounting to over one thousand dollars per night.

Her Majesty's, Haymarket, having been burned on Dec. 6, 1867, Mapleson divided Drury-lane Theatre into cosy boxes invitingly draped in imitation of those at the consumed opera-house, and marshaled his forces anew on Saturday night, March 28, 1868, with Titiens in Victor Hugo's "Lucrezia Borgia," the new tenor being the old Sig. Fraschini, who had sung at Her Majesty's with Jenny Lind in 1847. This season, noticeable because of Miss Rose Hersee's debut in Italian opera, closed on July 11 with Meyerbeer's "Il Trovatore." The subscription season had already closed on July 18 with Mozart's "Il Flauto Magico," Titiens being Amina. In September she participated in the grand Musical Festival at Gloucester, and she did it many another year, and as she was to have done this Fall also, for, on Oct. 24, 1868, to the surprise of all musical London, Mapleson transferred his artists to Gye's house, the Royal Italian Opera, Covent-garden, where, as Lucrezia, Titiens on that date appeared for the first time. The season closed Nov. 30, after having permitted the American Minnie Hauck to make her English debut as Amina in "Sonnambula." The next season at the Royal Italian Opera was marked by the copartnership of Messrs. Mapleson and Gye, the opening night being Tuesday, March 30, 1869, with Titiens as Norma. The season was also rendered notable by the first production of Ambroise Thomas' "Hamlet," with Santley in the title-role and Nilsson as Ophelia. Later on, or on Nov. 16, Ilma di Murska set herself up as the rival of Nilsson in Ophelia, and acquitted herself with marked credit. Contrary to the general calculation, Mlle. Sinico, instead of Titiens, impersonated Queen Gertrude. It was on May 20 of this year that the latter took part in the first public rendition in England of the then recently deceased Rossini's "Messe Solennelle;" and it was on April 26 that she was incapacitated by an illness that had a singular origin. On that day she was rehearsing in "Roberto Il Diavolo" with Sig. Foli the baritone, and, in endeavoring to inspire him with some portion of her own energy, she succeeded so well that, in the scene where Alice falls at the foot of the cross, he unintentionally struck her a violent blow between the eyes. She was taken home and leeches were applied, but, despite these measures, and that night "Il Trovatore" had to be substituted for "Roberto." The season closed on Dec. 11, 1869, and the next lasted from March 29 to July 23, Annie Louise Cary making her English debut in the course of it. The season of 1871 was also noticeable apart from her now undertaking Mlle. Gueynard's (Paris) original role of Queen Gertrude in "Hamlet," but with Mlle. Sessi, and not either Nilsson or Di Murska, as Ophelia. If she could fail in anything, she failed on July 17, when "Le Prophète" brought out, with herself as Fides, a part that Meyerbeer had not written for a voice like hers, and her superb acting of which alone sustained her credit. A supplementary season was instituted on Oct. 30 with Mapleson's solo management, but Titiens, while repeating old triumphs, figured in no new aspect. With Sir Michael Costa as conductor, Mapleson on April 15, 1871, re-established Her Majesty Opera within the walls of Drury-lane, his season lasting until Aug. 5. Of Titiens, his chief stalwart bearer, it will suffice to state that she undertook the role, now too youthful for her, of Alice in "Roberto" and the girlish queen in "Anne Bolena," which latter was reproduced on Aug. 1 for the first time in twenty years in London. Mapleson's next season at Drury-lane was begun on April 5, 1872, with Leonora ("Fidelio") by Titiens, who later appeared as Lucrezia, Norma, Leonora ("Il Trovatore"), and the Countess in "Nozze di Figaro."

It was on Oct. 6 of this year, at the conclusion of an oratorio in the Roman Catholic Cathedral of Dublin, Ireland, that the priests of that church presented her with an address in recognition of her many kindnesses during a series of years. The address, richly illuminated, was written on seven pages of vellum, on the first of which was a miniature of Ischl, with the words "Der Kreuzstein Ischl." At the foot of the second page was a charming picture of Glendalough, with a round-tower, an Irish wolf-dog, and a harp beautifully grouped on "the gloomy shore" of Glendalough. The fourth page represented musical instruments, and on the seventh the address was concluded amid a charming surrounding of arabesque. On the front cover was the raised monogram "T. T.," intertwined with a lyre. The gift was rendered the more valuable because the penmanship and the illumination were the work of the pupils of the schools under the care of the Sisters of Charity.

In the season of 1873, during which she was still with Mapleson, her noteworthiest performance was Rossini's "Semiramide." The season of 1874 found her in better voice than in several prior years, but in nothing new, and in nothing to interest our readers save "La Favorita," in which Sig. Giulio Perkins, an American since dead, made his English debut, on April 11, as Baldassare. On May 1, 1875, she sang at the inauguration of the Alexandra Palace, Muswell Hill, London, over forty thousand persons being present; and on Sept. 7 she laid the first brick of Mapleson's new National Opera-house, on the Victoria Embankment. She then sailed for America, it being her intention, as had been stated in the London journals, to appear here in concert and oratorio only. With Max Maretzek and John McCullough the actor as her professional fellow-voyagers, she arrived at this port on Sept. 25; and on Oct. 4, at Steinway Hall, she made her American debut in a concert aria from "Der Freischuts," assisted by Arabella Goddard, pianist; Emile Sauret, violinist; Tom Karl, Sig. Carlo Orlandini, and A. Bischoff, and Senora Pichardo, Miss Praeger and Miss Randall, vocalists. S. W. Colby, accompanist; and an orchestra under the direction of Maretzek. Her concert tour was not successful, and she was prevailed upon to appear in opera, which she did for the first time in this country on Jan. 24, 1876, at the Academy of Music, this city, in "Norma," which was repeated on the 26th and 28th; Jan. 31 and Feb. 4, "Lucrezia Borgia;" Feb. 2, "Il Trovatore;" matinee of Feb. 5, "Norma," as also on the 9th; 11th, "Favorita;" matinee of 13th, "Il Trovatore;" and 25, 26, "Don Giovanni" and "La Favorita." She next visited Boston, opening at the Boston Theatre on Feb. 28 in "Norma," in which role she also made her operatic debut in Philadelphia on March 20. On April 8 she was to have bade adieu to America in "Norma" at the Academy of Music; but she was ill, "Faust" was substituted, and her farewell was uttered in a concert at the same house on April 10, Mme. Pappenheim, Miss Goddard, and Messrs. Fritsch, Tom Karl, Preusser and Weinlich being among her coadjutors. She sailed for Liverpool on the 15th to be in time for Mapleson's London season, beginning on April 29 and ending on July 22 with her benefit, when she portrayed Florestan's devoted wife ("Fidelio") before the Emperor and the Empress of Brazil. Her last new role was Ortrud in "Lohengrin." Her last appearance, in all probability, was on Saturday, May 19, 1877, when she was announced at Her Majesty's for Lucrezia, in which she was also announced in advance for the 24th. But on the 23d Dr. Spencer Wells attempted that operation which disclosed at once the true nature and the ineradicability of her ailment. It had been the growth of years, it appears. The physique that rendered her majesty always, and from which she drew her wondrous strength of voice and that grand dramatic force which stamped her as a lyric actress unmatched in intensity and vigor, had enabled her to continue upon the stage many months after her terrible malady would have prostrated a weaker woman.

EUROPEAN DRAMATIC and OPERATIC NOVELTIES

"THE MOONSTONE,"

a "dramatic story in four acts," by Wilkie Collins, who altered it from his own novel for performance upon the stage, was the attraction at the reopening of the Olympic Theatre, London, Eng., Sept. 17. The plot is as follows:

Franklin Blake returned from foreign travel, bringing with him the "Moonstone," a diamond valued at £40,000, and left as a legacy to his cousin Rachel Verinder by her uncle Herncastle. Franklin intrusted the faithful old butler of the establishment, we learn part of the history of the jewel. It once formed a conspicuous ornament in the head of a heathen idol, and fell a natural to the military ardor of the Colonel, who has bequeathed it to Rachel. She confides it to the care of her needy cousin, whose vows of affection she has confirmed with delight. Franklin deposits the diamond in the cabinet which he has amused himself by varnishing. Certainly the cabinet will not lock, and Franklin naturally has his doubts as to the wisdom of selecting it as a depository for so valuable a treasure. But Rachel treats the matter lightly, fears no thieves, has full confidence in her servants, and on leaving the cabinet shall hold the "Moonstone." A little supper party presently includes, besides Rachel and Franklin, Godfrey Abelwhite, a pensive philanthropist and collecting secretary to any number of charitable societies; Mr. Candy, a gentleman with peculiar theories on the subject of phrenology and somnambulism; and Miss Clack, an elderly spinster, with a mania for the distribution of tracts and a zeal for the promotion of the prosperity of the "Association for the Redemption of Poor Fathers' Trowsers from Pawn-shops." Mr. Candy warns Franklin against gamepie, champagne, and a "night cap" in the shape of a glass of grog. He tells the story of a Bedouin patient who, after partaking of unaccustomed food, walked in his sleep, and did sundry very extraordinary things. Franklin laughs at his notions, eats his game pie, drinks his champagne, and finishes up with his glass of grog. And then everybody goes to bed, Franklin and Godfrey arranging to occupy adjoining and communicating rooms. The servants keep us waiting a terrible time while they clear the supper-table, and then, the lights being turned down, we are quite prepared to follow what is to follow. Franklin soon forgotten the game-pie and the champagne and the grog; and so here comes Franklin walking in his sleep, and making straight for the cabinet. Franklin is able to rest, has wandered into the room. She sees her cousin; she watches him in anxiety and terror. Not for a moment does she suspect the truth; and so, as Franklin remounts the staircase possessed of her jewel, there comes from her lips the cry: "My God! a thief!" and the curtain falls for the first time. On the threshold is the first to discover the loss of the "Moonstone" is Franklin, and presently there is a commotion in the house. Franklin's first act is to telegraph to London for a well-known detective—our popular Sergeant Cuff—and he arrives quickly on the spot, much to the horror of Rachel, who dreads the disgrace which she imagines must come upon the man she has so fondly loved. Franklin is at a loss to know a reason for the cool, almost insulting, manner in which his fair cousin treats him. The detective is an amateur gardener, and his first occupation is to examine the rose garden, and to criticise the gravel walks. And then he thinks about his task. He despatches a police-constable to follow Godfrey Abelwhite, who on some pretense has left the house. He examines the cabinet, and finds a smear on the varnish. He "smells a rat" at once. The man or woman who stole the "Moonstone" will have marks of varnish on some portion of the dress she wore. He will overhaul the basket containing the dirty linen for the wash. Rachel's fears are now intensified. She rushes to Franklin's room and examines his dressing-gown. Yes; there are the stains of the varnish! She will remove them and so screen her lover. But she is too late. The Sergeant and Franklin suddenly enter. "Whose dressing-gown is that?" sternly asks the detective. "Mine!" exclaims Franklin; and down comes the curtain for the second time. The third act is chiefly occupied by the tedious tract business of Miss Clack; an avowal of love for Rachel by Godfrey; his acceptance by the lady, who bows her head upon his shoulder, and, striking the lover for Franklin, murmurs "My cousine"—an accusation which has a paralyzing effect upon its object, and which strikes him senseless to the ground. Poor Rachel, distracted between her devotion to Franklin and tenderly over him, and attempts to restore consciousness; a telegram is brought in for Sergeant Cuff, and as that zealous officer, opening it, exclaims "I've found the Moonstone!" we arrive at the third act. The scene of the fourth act is to a certain extent a repetition of the first, with a happier termination. Mr. Candy has a theory, and he means to give a practical illustration. He has not forgotten how he warned Franklin Blake against game pie, and dry champagne and hot grog, and to a disregard of his advice he attributes all the mischief that ensued. He remembers the case of a certain Irish porter, who, having recovered from a "good drunk," entirely forgot where he had left a parcel with which he had been trusted, but who shortly after, again overcome by too liberal potations, straightway goes to fetch that parcel. And so Franklin Blake shall have some more gamepie, shall drink another glass of champagne, and shall finish up with grog. Presently the lights are again turned down; the household is summoned to watch the success of the experiment. The game-pie and the champagne have done their work. Here comes Franklin Blake in his sleep to take the Moonstone from the cabinet. He passes Mr. Candy's theory when put into practice is slightly erratic. This time, instead of returning to his chamber with the jewel, the sleep-walker offers it to Godfrey Abelwhite, who drops it like—well, like the oft-quoted hot potato. Godfrey would leave the house but that Sergeant Cuff has something to say to him—the mystery of the ring been traced to his possession. Franklin, still asleep, is seated in a chair; Rachel is left alone with him. She impresses upon his forehead a kiss. "Who is it?" cries Franklin, as he awakes. "Only your wife," is the response—not exactly a veracious one—upon which the curtain finally descends.

The part of Franklin Blake was sustained by Henry Neville, C. Harcourt appearing as Godfrey, Miss Bella Pateman as Rachel, Mrs. Seymour as Miss Bella Clark, Robt. Pateman as Mr. Candy, and T. Swinbourne as Sergeant Cuff.

"LA CLE D'OR,"

a lyrical comedy adapted from Octave Feuillet's novel, words by Louis Gallet, music by Eugene Gautier, was recently first performed at the Theatre Lyrique, Paris.

A young, dreamy, enthusiastic girl has just been joined at the altar to the man she ardently loves. Unhappily for Suzanne, however, Raoul d'Athol's heart is far from beating in unison with hers. Only a few hours after their marriage he avows to his friend Georges Vernon that his union is merely the ordinary closing scene of a somewhat hasty love affair, and that Suzanne's wealth, as well as his eyes was her large fortune; while she is such a ladylike, well-educated girl that he feels he will have little difficulty in forming for her in time the calm affection which is more of honor owes to the mother of his children. Vernon, who is a warm-hearted young captain of hussars, had himself long loved Suzanne passionately, though his sense of honor is indignant at Raoul's confession, for he cannot understand how anyone can avoid adoring the girl. His friend's indignation is of little moment to Raoul, however, in comparison with that of another person, and that person is his avowal—the bride herself, who is stung to the heart when she learns the motives that have made her a wife. So when Suzanne is left alone with her husband for a few hours, he finds her in a terrible state of excitement, and, after having quieted her fears, he leaves it at once, asking him at the same time to return the little "golden key," which she had given him as they were leaving the church that morning. This key, it seems, not only opens her bracelet, but is a symbol of her love; he who holds it has secured access to her heart. Raoul, with the inconsiderate stupidity can scarcely be considered quite consistent with the rakish life he had hitherto led, submits almost mechanically to the request, and, after entrusting him by his offended spouse, who seems herself overpowered by the sacrifice she has made, for when her husband retires she is facing him with a countenance that left him in spite of all. Of course the gallant young captain, being placed in the impossibility of marrying Suzanne, is resolved to bring about her happiness by accomplishing a reconciliation between her and her husband. Moreover, he owes a debt of gratitude to Raoul, who, when in Algeria, had saved his sister from being carried off by a band of Arabs. Vernon, therefore, keeps his friend promise that he will inform him by letter of the progress matters make, and, as the obliging Athol is ready to do everything to please his friend, he sends Georges the fullest particulars of what passes in his own household from day to day. Suzanne still retains the key, but Raoul is submissive to nothing less than angelic. His wife wishes to see him work, and he consents without the slightest difficulty. His labors, however, do not entail any severe mental or bodily exertion, as they merely consist in keeping the accounts of the farms which constitute Suzanne's property. But his book-keeping does not prove sufficient to conquer his wife's heart, and, after a year of married life, she is, to all appearance, as far from winning back the little golden key as he was on the morrow of his nuptials. Worse than all, he has conceived the idea that Suzanne loves Vernon, and, with the object of discovering the scoundrel who is seeking to dishonor him, he hides himself, and in his amazement perceives the captain, whom he imagined far away, throwing a letter through his wife's window. He is going to challenge his friend when Suzanne appears and presents the letter to her husband. In the last Raoul had written to Vernon, and concludes with a declaration that "Heaven had confounded his pride in giving him Suzanne for guide, master and idol." The triumphant young wife, radiant with joy, now conquers returns the golden key to her delighted husband, who falls at her feet.

"GARRYOWEN, OR THE BELLES OF THE SHANNON,"

a new Irish drama, from the pen of John Levey, was acted for the first time at the Grecian Theatre, London, Sept. 17.

When the curtain rises we soon discover that Dermot Courtneagh is proscribed through having led the Garryowen boys to revolt against English rule. But Dermot is the heir to the estates of Garryowen, which are coveted by his kinsman Edward Courtneagh, a profligate and treacherous knave, who is assisted in his nefarious designs by Luke Cafney. The villain and his confederate, having first tempted the good young lad to join the rebels and then betrayed him to the soldiery, also seek to undermine the affections of Roseleen, who is betrothed to Dermot. Of course there is a good-hearted fellow of the Myles-na-Coppaleen type in the shape of Pat O'Donahue, who is here, there, and everywhere when there is danger to be encountered. Through the machinations of Edward Courtneagh, Dermot is arrested on the night of his marriage with Roseleen, and Pat is also captured. They are condemned to death, but of three years takes place. When they return we find that the villain has taken possession of Garryowen, and is still striving to gain the heart of Roseleen, and to dissolve the marriage through a legal quibble; but the presence of Dermot hinders this, and eventually, after many exciting incidents, including a narrow escape from the flooding of Shannon, the husband recovers his wife and his fortune, and all ends happily, the other belle of the Shannon, Lisbia McMahon, being united to a handsome lover in the person of Lieutenant Cassidy.

"THE SEA-NYMPHS,"

a new romance, with music by C. Lecocq, formed part of the programme at the opening of the Folly Theatre, London, Sept. 15.

In the opening of this amusing romance we discover that Coralie and Pearline, although we now behold them in a submarine retreat, have visited the earth, and by the one great scene of the play, brought about by an encounter between Franklin and Rachel. The wrongly-suspected hero of the story has already given us an explanation of the insulting coolness with which he is being treated. His demands are regarded by Rachel only as an aggravation of the insult, and, during the silence which she has hitherto exercised, she overwhelms him with bitter reproaches, culminating in the dread sentence: "You villain! I saw you steal the Moonstone"—an accusation which has a paralyzing effect upon its object, and which strikes him senseless to the ground. Poor Rachel, distracted between her devotion to Franklin and tenderly over him, and attempts to restore consciousness; a telegram is brought in for Sergeant Cuff, and as that zealous officer, opening it, exclaims "I've found the Moonstone!" we arrive at the third act. The scene of the fourth act is to a certain extent a repetition of the first, with a happier termination. Mr. Candy has a theory, and he means to give a practical illustration. He has not forgotten how he warned Franklin Blake against game pie, and dry champagne and hot grog, and to a disregard of his advice he attributes all the mischief that ensued. He remembers the case of a certain Irish porter, who, having recovered from a "good drunk," entirely forgot where he had left a parcel with which he had been trusted, but who shortly after, again overcome by too liberal potations, straightway goes to fetch that parcel. And so Franklin Blake shall have some more gamepie, shall drink another glass of champagne, and shall finish up with grog. Presently the lights are again turned down; the household is summoned to watch the success of the experiment. The game-pie and the champagne have done their work. Here comes Franklin Blake in his sleep to take the Moonstone from the cabinet. He passes Mr. Candy's theory when put into practice is slightly erratic. This time, instead of returning to his chamber with the jewel, the sleep-walker offers it to Godfrey Abelwhite, who drops it like—well, like the oft-quoted hot potato. Godfrey would leave the house but that Sergeant Cuff has something to say to him—the mystery of the ring been traced to his possession. Franklin, still asleep, is seated in a chair; Rachel is left alone with him. She impresses upon his forehead a kiss. "Who is it?" cries Franklin, as he awakes. "Only your wife," is the response—not exactly a veracious one—upon which the curtain finally descends.

The part of Franklin Blake was sustained by Henry Neville, C. Harcourt appearing as Godfrey, Miss Bella Pateman as Rachel, Mrs. Seymour as Miss Bella Clark, Robt. Pateman as Mr. Candy, and T. Swinbourne as Sergeant Cuff.

BASEBALL.

BALTIMORE vs. EXCELSIOR.

In a game at Baltimore, Md., Oct. 1, the Baltimores and Excelsiors mixed their players with some outsiders and picked two nines with a view of having them as evenly matched as possible, and how well they succeeded the score below will tell. The spectators were treated to one of the finest displays of fielding seen at Newington Park this season, the only weak points being at second base. The catching of Blogg and Welch was first-class, and equaled that of the best. Stratton and Haddock pitched all they knew how, but Haddock was the more effective of the two. At first base, French and Marshall were right at home. As before stated, second base was the weak point in both nines, as Stewart and Hildebrand, after making fine stops, threw very wild, their errors proving costly. These players are generally very reliable, and were evidently overanxious to do their best, and thus lost their heads. The feature of the game was Say's play at third. He made two remarkable stops and fully equaled his stops and throws to first were wonderful, and, won him any amount of applause. Frazier had very little to do, but had one error. Smiley and Scharf played a fine game at short. The outfielding of Pearce, Daily, Dulaney and Willis was good. Roche made a beautiful catch of French's high ball to right in the fifth inning, but threw very wild and wild to second, to cut off Daily, and thereby gave the Baltimores their first run. Two wild throws by Hildebrand to the eighth gave them their only other run, after two hands were out. The excitement was kept up all through the game, and it was considered doubtful who would prove victor until the last man was out. There appears to be more interest taken in baseball now than for several seasons, and the prospect of having a tip-top nine in Baltimore next season is very bright.

BALTIMORE.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Blogg, c.	1	0	13	1	1
Smiley, s. s.	0	2	2	5	0
Frazier, 3d b.	0	1	0	2	1
Stratton, p.	0	1	0	2	0
Stewart, 2d b.	0	0	0	3	5
Daily, r. f.	0	1	2	0	0
French, 1st b.	0	1	8	0	0
Bosley, c.f., r.f.	0	0	0	0	1
Pearce, l. f.	1	0	2	0	0
Totals	3	4	27	13	8

EXCELSIOR.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Dulaney, l. f.	0	2	3	0	0
Say, s. s.	0	2	2	7	0
Scharf, 3d b.	0	1	1	2	1
Welch, c.	0	0	6	2	1
Marshall, 1st b.	1	0	12	0	1
Haddock, p.	0	1	1	7	0
Hildebrand, 2b.	1	1	0	1	2
Roche, r. f.	0	0	1	0	1
Willis, c. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Totals	2	6	27	18	6

Baltimore	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	3
Excelsior	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	2

Called balls—on Stratton, 10; Haddock, 9. Strikes called—off Stratton, 9; Haddock, 6. Passed ball—Blogg. Two-base hits—Smiley, 1; Pearce, 1; Haddock, 2; Scharff, 1; Hildebrand, 1; Roche, 1; Willis, 2. Left on bases—Blogg, Smiley, Frazier, Stewart, Daily, French, 1st b., Bosley, Dulaney, Say, Scharf, Welch, Roche. Umpire, D. Foutz, Waverly B. B. C. Time, 1h. 35m.

CHICAGO vs. CINCINNATI.

On Monday, Oct. 1, the Cincinnatis appeared in Chicago, Ill., and made an effort to win a game from the Whites, but they found the job a much harder one than they were able to do, having instead to submit to a serious reverse. The Chicago's ace, on Mitchell will, expected effects, while their new pitcher proved a stumbling-block to the Reds.

CHICAGO.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Barnes, 2d b.	6	0	1	1	3	2
McVey, c.	6	0	2	5	0	1
Anson, 3d b.	5	0	1	2	2	0
Peters, s. s.	5	0	0	1	4	0
Hines, l. f.	5	3	3	1	0	0
Spalding, lb.	5	2	3	15	1	0
Fincher, r. f.	4	2	2	2	0	0
Eden, r. f.	4	2	2	1	0	0
Reis, p.	4	1	1	0	1	5
Totals	44	10	16	27	14	8

CINCINNATI.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Pike, 2d b.	3	0	1	2	4	2
Manning, c. f.	3	0	1	4	0	0
Jones, l. f.	4	0	0	1	1	0
Addy, r. f.	4	0	0	2	2	0
Booth, s. s.	3	2	0	3	5	2
Sullivan, lb.	4	0	2	14	0	1
Hourigan, r. f.	0	3	0	1	0	0
Rule, 1st b.	1	1	0	2	1	0
Hickey, c.	1	1	0	1	1	0
Dunne, p.	0	1	0	2	2	0
Schenck, 3d b.	1	0	1	1	3	1
Curren, c.	1	0	1	3	1	4
Totals	33	8	5	37	20	10

Chicago	0	4	0	1	0	1	4	0	0	10
Cincinnati	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2

Runs earned—Chicago, 6. Two-basers—Spalding, 1; Miller, 1. First base on errors—Chicago, 5; Cincinnati, 6. Left on bases—Chicago, 7; Cincinnati, 6. Passed balls—Miller, 1; Mitchell, 1. Umpire, Mr. Bredberg.

On the following day the Cincinnatis failed to fairly knocked out of them, the strong lead obtained by the Chicagos early in the game completely de moralizing them. The only run scored by the visitors was a home-run by Pike.

CHICAGO.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Barnes, 2d b.	6	2	3	3	0	0
McVey, 3d b.	6	2	3	3	0	0
Anson, c.	6	1	2	8	2	2
Peters, s. s.	5	0	0	1	4	0
Hines, l. f.	5	0	1	0	0	0
Spalding, lb.	5	1	4	9	0	0
Eggler, c. f.	5	2	1	1	0	0
Remsen, r. f.	5	1	2	1	0	0
Reis, p.	5	2	1	0	3	1
Totals	48	13	16	27	15	6

CINCINNATI.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Pike, 2d b.	5	1	1	0	2	0
Jones, l. f.	4	0	0	2	1	0
Addy, r. f.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Booth, s. s.	4	0	2	0	4	1
Sullivan, lb.	5	0	2	14	0	1
Hickey, c.	4	0	1	5	2	0
Dunne, p.	4	0	0	1	2	0
Schenck, 3d b.	4	0	0	0	2	1
Curren, c.	4	0	0	1	2	0
Totals	36	1	9	24	15	3

Chicago	1	4	2	3	0	1	0	0	2	13
Cincinnati	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	1

First base on errors—Chicago, 6; Cincinnati, 8. Left on bases—Chicago, 8; Cincinnati, 8. Passed balls—Anson, 1; Miller, 4. Bases on called balls—Chicago, 1; Cincinnati, 1. Three-base hits—Spalding, 2; Hines, 1. Home-run—Pike. Umpire, A. G. Mills of Chicago. Time, 2h. 10m.

A BROOKLYN TOURNEY.

On Oct. 1 a tourney was commenced on the Capitoline Grounds, Brooklyn, E. D., which the Hartfords were to play the leading amateur clubs of that city, the club making the best record against the Hartfords to win a prize bat. The first match played was a one-sided affair, as the appended score shows:

Hartford	1	3	0	3	7	0	3	4	0—21
Crystal	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Umpire, Mr. Burtnett.

The second match, Oct. 2, was played with the Chelseas; and the contest, though not up to the striking mark of either club, proved to be close and interesting towards the finish. The Chelseas were short the services of Laughlin, and they missed him very much. The Hartfords put in Canada Bill Lewis in Laughlin's place, but the Chelseas failed to punish him with any effect except in the fourth inning, when they earned three of the five runs they scored. Six of the nine batters made base hits. The Hartfords earned one run off Rule in the first inning, all their other runs being given them by errors. In the third inning Dunne won applause by playing the fielding position well. The Chelseas outbatted the Hartfords decidedly, they making the more base-hits, and earning the more runs, although the latter had the best of the fielding. The latter making a fine running-catch. Taylor fielded very loosely at left field, and Curren's catching was not up to his usual mark. On the other side, the catching of Bradley and Schenck was unexpected, and in the field, he and Start doing the most work. Harbidge caught poorly, and Kessler was weak at right field, as was Carey at short, Ferguson not specially distinguishing himself. The score:

HARTFORD.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Burdock, 2d b.	4	1	9	2	0
Holdsworth, c. f.	3	2	1	0	0
Start, 1st b.	2	1	9	0	0
Carey, s. s.	1	2	1	2	2
Ferguson, 3d b.	1	0	2	1	2
Bradley, p.	0	1	0	4	0
Schenck, 3d b.	0	1	3	6	1
Kessler, r. f.	2	2	3	0	2
Totals	13	11	27	9	13

CHELSEA.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Clare, s. s.	2	0	3	4	3
Taylor, l. f.	3	2	1	0	3
Blasser, 2d b.	2	2	0	4	1
Hourigan, r. f.	0	3	0	1	1
Rule, 1st b.	1	1	11	0	1
Rickey, c.	1	1	7	1	0
Dunne, p.	0	1	0	2	2
Curren, c.	1	1	3	1	4
Totals	10	11	27	12	15

Hartford	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Chelsea	1	0	2	5	0	0	1	2	0	11

First base by errors—Hartford, 0; Chelsea, 7. Runs earned—Chelsea, 5. Double-play—By Ferguson, Burdock and Start. Struck out—By Rule, 1; by Dunne, 1. Dropped fly-balls—Carey, 2; Kessler, 1; York, 1; Clare, 1; Rickey, 1. Passed balls—Rickey, 1; Harbidge, 3; Carey, 2; Kessler, 1. Passed balls—Curren, 3; Harbidge, 3. Umpire, Mr. Ackerman. Time 1h. 40m.

The Hudson Club of South Brooklyn played against the Hartfords in the third and last game of the Capitoline Grounds tourney, on Friday, Oct. 5, postponed from the previous day on account of the rain-storm. The weather was unpleasant on Friday, being cold and blustering, and the fielding

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canada, *must be prepaid*, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, Oct. 8.

LADIES'.

Allyne, Kittie
Ackerman, Irene
Adams, Mad. (glass-blower)
Atkinson, Maude (of Johnston's Co.)
Arnold, Hattie
Belmont, Miss L.
Blitz, Mrs. Rosa
Berry, Celia
Bidwell, Dollie
Boyd, Nellie
Bernard, Lottie & Leo
Buckingham, Fannie L
Blande, Edith
Bailey, Ella (2)
Burtis, Lu-lu
Crabtree, Charlotte
Coleman, Alice A.
Clifford, Ada (vocalist)
Cassell, Fannie
Case, Cora
Cole, Lew
Chapronier, Lillian
Courtright, Mrs. Julia
Campbell, Annie (vocalist)
Claire, Maggie (of Cole's Chr.)
De Bidwell, Helen
Dottie Dimple
De Bonnaire, Jennette (trapezist)
De Granville, Mlle
Deland, Josie C.
Devere, Clara
Devere, Emma
Dixon, Blanche
Esmond, Ella
Fridah, Nina
Florence, Fannie (of Rentz's Minst.)
Fox, Annie
Forrest, Lillian
Fontainbleau, Blanche (2)
Gorman, Lottie
Gilroy, Mrs. Jas.
Gardner, Carrie
Gilroy, Jennie
Morton
Gray, Mrs. Harry
Girard, Alice
Gaylord, Mollie
Gray, Minnie
Howe, Lillie
Hugnet, Nellie
Hurdle, May (nee Dumas)
Herrmann, Mrs. Alex.
Hall, Minnie
Herring, Fannie
Knight, Fannie
Kremsell, Bertha
Little Lottie
Lucille, Fannie Sc
Leach, Grace
Linden, Lillie (2)
Laverde, Mrs. (of Laverde Family)
Lo-la, Miss (tra-pezist)
Lubin, Vivienne (of Adonis Co.)
Lucille, Miss
Marcy, Flora 6c.
May, Fannie
Marshell, May
May, Georgie
McGowan, Alice
Martell, Mlle.
McDonald, Nellie (late of Newark)

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Ahrendt, Chas.
Adair, T. J. (English p. o. m.) 15c.
Armstrong, Harry
Atkinson, J. (of O'Brien's Cir.)
Allerup, Peter
Adams, Frank D.
Admont, Dol
Austin, Chas. (of Chas. & Carrie)
Aubrey, Robt. 5c.
Avery, Fred
Burton, Will C.
Bernardo, ... (of California Minst.)
Berger, G.
Bennett, Frank
Bloodgood, Harry
Barbaro, Wm. A.
Burns, ... (of Harry Bidbee, Frank
Bernard, A.
Byrne, John
Blake, Chas. (of St. Louis)
Barnum, Geo. W.
Beggs, Frank
Bushnell, Dan (2)
Baptiste, Mons (ballet-master)
Buffalo Bill or Agent
Byron, Ed. (late of Boylston Muse.)
Borst, W. (of Adah Richmond & Co.)
Boyd, Archie T.
Buchanan, Henry
Baur, Al.
Bryant, W. (of Bryant & Williams)
Broun, W. R. (clown-wheel)
Buckley, Joe A.
Burgess, Cool
Bennett, Frank
Barlow, M. G.
Bartholomew, W. H.
Bristol, C. L.
Bird, Geo. F.
Bush, I. T.
Bagley, Geo. (p. o. m. London, Eng.)
Bliss, G. (of Barnum's Cir.)
Byron, O. Doud
Burton, Chas. A.
Colvin, E. D.
Callender, H.W.K.
Chase & Davis
Cook, L. E.
Coleman, Ed. (of G. Rignold's Co.)
California Minstrels, Manager
Courtright, ... (of Kelly & Leon Min.)
Callender, Chas. (2)
Cowles, M. D.
Carner, J. W. (2)
Campbell's Comedy Co.
Cooper, ... (of Silvin's Co.)
Cushman, Frank
Cohan, Jerry
Campbell, A. C.
Cody, W. F.
Cooper, F. F.
Christy, Ed. (comed.)
Caminade, D.
Crispini, J. Hubert
Cooper, F. H.
Cole, W. W. (3)
Carwin, J. (of C. B. & Cir.)
Cook, Jas. & Ellen
Campbell, Frank
Crosby, Seth J.
Casper, A. S.
Clinton, Harry D.
Cohen, Nat (with Harverly)
Clark, Ed. (of Clark Bros.)
Dykeman, Edward
Drew & White
Davenport, Owen
Diamond, Chas.
Davis, Harvey L. (actor
Daily, Bobby (song-and-dance)
Doyo, G. (of Kate Claxton's Co.)
De B., J. (6)
Delhaven, — (of Hamilton's N. Y. Co.)
Dowling & Stephens
Devere, Sam
Dickson, H. (of Rentz's Minst.)
Dockrel, E. (of Welch, Rice & Circus)
Dobson, Geo.
Dearborn, Dr. J. W
Dillon, Edward (actor)
Dailly, Bobby & Alice
Eskin, Joe (late of Newark, O.)
Emidy, Jas.
Fuller, Hugh
Foreman, Adam
Franckum, Geo. W
Field, J. (of Lea vitt's B. R.)
Forker, Wm.
Forsberg, Harrold
Fiske, Thos. (with Boyd Bros.) 3c.
Fabra, Sig
Frederick (6)
Ferguson, Robt.
Fish, Ch.
Francis, Geo.
Fraser, Frank
Fawcett, Owen (2)
George, Frank
Girard Bros.)
Guy, Sc., Geo.
Goodwin, E.
Gibson, John
Guy Family
Goss & Fox
Harrison, W. W.
Green, J. (of Mocking-bird Minst.)
Gotthold, F. H.
Gorman, E. F. (2)
Gardner, F. A. (of Cole's Cir.)
Giese, A.
Goodman, Hank
Glover, Ed. (comed.)
Gibbons, F. (of Gibbons & Russell)
Givens, Sam
Gobbins, Burr
Hastings, Alf. H. 3c
Harris, Pat (of Harris, Hewitt Cir.)
Hicks, C. R.
Hyde, J. M. (2)
Healy, Thos. (of Cobbett Cir.)
Harrison, E. (late of Johnston's Co.)
Hackens, C. (of Tennessee Jub. Sin.
Hogan, Con
Hurst, Jas. M.
Hodge, Richard
Hall, A. E. (of Boston Lyceum Co.)
Heath, Thos. K.
Hickey, Pat
Hennessey, F. (of Hennessey Bros.)
Harrigan, Ed.
Hayden, W. R.
Hurley & Marr
"Humorist" (2)
Irwin, Seidel
"Jim"
Jones, J. H.
Johnson, C. (of Julia Bliss Singers)
Jaques, A. (late of Ford's Baltimore Laverde Family)
Knutt, A. H.
Kidder, E. E.
Kenney, Frank C.
La Rue, Leon
Levino Bros.
Lyle, Jas. (of Glas-gow, Scot.)
Levino, Dolph
Larkins, J. (Dutch Sc.)
"Big"
Lascelle, Lyman
6c.
Lee, Chas. (magician)
Lang, Ned (2)
Little, Chas. (of Rowe's Globe)
Langlois Bros.
Lyons, Jno. (of Burmingham, Eng.)
Levitt, Harry
Lester & Williams
Lewis, Frank
Leslie, Reg.
Levantine, Fred.
La Thorne, Mons.
Laston, Alf.
Lever, F. (p. o. m. London, Eng.)
Lennox, Jr., Geo.
Livingston, Sam (trapezist)
Le Clair, John
Leavitt, Nat (late of Bridwell, N. Y.)
McGlaughlin, Jas. (game fowler)
Mayo, Harry (song-and-dance)
Mora, Frank
Murphy, P. (late of Dean City, Pa.)
McClosney, Wm. A.
Mulligan, J. H.
Murphy, Jos.
Murphy, Paddy
Masters, Eddie
Mullen, Ed.
Martin, Sam
McDonough, J. E.
Miaco, Tom
McCall, D. J.
Martinetti, Ed. K.
Martino, Prof. (illusionist)
Maurice, W. (of B. Comstock Co.)
Moriarty, Marcus
Mack, J.
MacRoy, Chas. (2)
Meah, Rel (fireking)
Melville, W. T.
Mongrar, S. J.
Marks, Hiram
McGlone & Robinson
Mooney, Edwin
Madin, Mrs. J.
Marco, Grace
Macart, Madam
Maco, Jennie
Nelson, Annie
Norwood, Marian L.
Ormsun, Irene
Prestige, Fannie
Parker Sisters
Putnam, Katie
Peck, Nellie
Parker Sisters (song-and-dance)
Randon, Alice (3)
Ross, Ida (p. o. m. Greenwich, Eng.)
Russell, Frankie
Rand, Rosa (of Campbell's Co.)
Rahuke, Aurerie (of Germany)
Raymond, Lillie (vocalist)
Richmond, Josie
Selwyn, Blanche
Stanley, Maude (2)
Sanford, Mrs. Eva
Straight, Alf.
Sanville, Tillie
Spaulding, Georgie
Dean
Turner, Hellen
Venus & Adonis
Warren, Jennie (statue "bit")
Walton, Lizzie A.
Whitland, Kittie (3)
Wallack, Mrs. J. (of Wallack's Co.)
Washburn, Libby H.
Yeamans, Mrs. Annie
Zittella, Mlle.
Merritt, J. H. (of Cole's Cir.)
Nall, John G. (2)
Newman, Chas. (minst. "biz")
Nall, Abe M.
Newcombe, Bobby
Nelson, J. (of Buffalo Bill Co.)
Nash, Dan (p. o. m. London, Eng.)
Omohondro, J. R.
O'Keefe, Will (comed.)
O'Reardon, M.
O'Brien, John
Pryer, Dave
Pettit, Fred
Percy, Harry
Perkins, O. S.
Parker, Wm.
Pendy, John
Pierce, Frank B.
Pike, Maurice
Peters, Jas. F.
Richardson, Harry R.
Ryan, W. H.
Runnells, Burnell
Rielly, John (Irish "biz")
Reid, C. C.
Roberts, N. D.
Robins, Frank
Robbins, Burr
Rice's Evangeline Comb.
Ross, J. (of Jubilee Singers)
Rooney, Pat
Russell & Wilson
Reid, C. W.
Rosenbaum, E. (of Johnston's Co.)
Rentz, G. W. (gymnast)
Reynolds, J. P.
Russell, John (of Gibbons & Russell)
Rose, ... (comed.)
Richmond, Harry G.
Slavin, J. H.
Sutton, C. (of California Minst.)
South, R. M. (2)
Sadler, Thos.
Showles, J. J. (of Forepaugh's Cir.)
Stone, Philip
Scobie, Geo.
Searles, A. H. (gymnast)
Stuart, Walter H. (2)
Swonsbourne, C. (2)
Sivalls, C. (contract agent) (2)
Sanford, Col. J. P.
Sawyer, Geo. W.
Sherick, Mark
Sheridan, J. W. (of Sheridan & Mack)
Slocum, Lew
Seaman, Chas. O.
Sprague, D. J.
"Secretary"
Sully, W. J. 6c.
Snow, Ed.
Searl, F. (Texan wizard)
Thompson, W. J.
Tighe, James
Thorndike, J. E. (2)
Tuthill, F. (of Dupree & Ben Minst.)
Tooley, Larry
Thatcher, Geo.
Thatcher, Ed.
Toole, R. M. (2)
Tounsend, D. K.
Thompson, H. (of Kelly & Leons Min.)
Thompson, John
Turner, Richd.
Thornton, Chas. (manager)
Victorelli & Cordelia
Verney, S. H.
Villa, S. B.
Webb, A.
Winnett, Thos.
Wright, Frank
Watson, Fred.
Wiley, L. H.
Ward, Jed (late of Herndon's Co.)
Wylie, Billy
Woodland, Nick
White, Dick (banjoist)
Woodville, James
Watkins, A. (of Ada Gray's Co.)
Wingfield & Gregory
Waters, T. (of Wagner's Minst.)
Worden & Mack
Wilson, J. (of Russell & Wilson) (2)
Welch & Maude Lemoine, Jas.
Wilson, Geo.
Wade, H. (of Brimmer & Wade) 16c.
West, Horace (banjoist)
Watson, E. C.
Williams, H. W.
Williams, A. T. (of Queen's Cir.)
Zegrinck Levanion
Zanfretta.

LETTERS FOR THE FOLLOWING professionals are in the Augusta (Ga.) Post-office: Sol S. Russell, Dora Wiley (2), Harry Lee, agent; R. Dorsay Ogden, and F. F. Coburn of Barlow & Co.'s Minstrels.

MRS. FANNIE CASELLI, L. M. Booth and M. A. Watson agent, are notified of letters awaiting them at the Detroit (Mich.) Post-office.

THERE IS A LETTER and package in the Harrisburg Pa.) Post-office for Billy Wylie, actor.

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, Oct. 8, '77.

We have had a lively time of it since our friends last perused us, and we begin to realize the self-evident truth that New York is not dead yet. On the contrary, she is wide awake, and all outdoors and all indoors give indication that we are just ripe for fun and glory. The week opened with the presentation of Boucicault's comedy of "Marriage," which inaugurated the season at Wallack's Theatre. With singular unanimity the critics went for Dion like he was a midnight burglar and had been caught in the act. One of them put a new head on him, to speak in the crude language of the boys of the period; another gave him such a clean back-fall that it was hoped he would never again respond to the call of "Time!" But he did; he came up as the scratch as though he had never gone down at all, and he responded with blows which had a good deal of "go" in them. Another myrmidon of the press gang sat down on him, as it might be, and actually wrote a review of the new play upon his prostrate horizontal form; thinking, forsooth, that he had knocked the wind out of him, which is an impossibility, if we may be allowed so to speak. And yet another stood off and hurled javelins and battle-axes at him, but the jovial author of "London Assurance" got out of the way like an artful dodger, and the lances fell hurtless around and about him. We slashed away at him until it was thought he was "Dead to the World," but he materialized like a thing of life, and got back at the guillotiners like they were decomposed corpses. Some of us gouged his eyes out; some of us kicked him while he was down; others of us basted him while he had his back towards us; and as we go to press a good many of us are pegging away at him while the weary ones take a rest. And so "Marriage" is being freely advertised at no cost to the economical author. It was a gala week from "alpha to omega"—spines beginning to end. The Count and the crushed play-actor continued their precious little game, and there was *more* free advertising; then there were Jerome Park races, with such limited attendance as to create a fear that the human race was running out; then Rosa Tweed had another shy at the innocents, present and abroad—he drew *crowded* houses, and hundreds turned away," etcetera; then Mabel Leonard turned up again, and the awful disclosures disclosed made us regret that we hadn't time to work up the whole thing into a ten-cent book, with marginal notes; and, when we were least expecting it, the equinoctial storm bore down upon us, and several people got wet, to say nothing of others who were killed by the through trains going through dangerous places where bridges had been wiped out by the force of the storm king, who rode upon the mighty winds, and so forth. And there was the discovery of a new comet, but with only one tail, and that to be continued; and there was the Democratic Convention at Albany, which drew so many noisy people away from the metropolis that the city wore the appearance of a Sabbath in the country. And there was the opening of several new variety theatres, with beer and spiritual test accompaniments, but the Philistines came down upon them like a thief in the night [*More.*—See if this is a reflection on the police; and if so, tone it down to read "came down upon them like midnight assassins"], and that put an end to the beer. Oh, it has been a jolly week, and the present will be like unto it, for the regular Fall season in this city begins to-night with the reopening of Tony Pastor's New Theatre, where the usual "first-night audience" will be present, and the house will be taxed to its fullest capacity; and the Adams benefit will eventuate next Friday, with one of the most mixed and incoherent entertainments ever presented on any stage, "all in the presence of the auditaire." And here we would say to our friends, rally to the assistance of one who no longer can help himself. Give one afternoon to "Our Ned," and make it a *good Friday* for him. Just imagine dear little Lotta doing Desdemona for sweet charity's sake; and the crushed tragedian emerging from his stupid crusadeness, and once more smearing the sooty Othello, in a suit he has had built expressly for this occasion, and which, like charity, will cover a multitude of sins. [*Mem.*—Ascertain if Sothern can take offence at this, seeing it is done to aid a fellow-being in distress.] Oh, it will be a rare show! Think of it! Messrs. Sothern and Florence in the character of auctioneers! The thought crushes us, so to speak, by a large majority. And yet these genial artists who have to-day mounted the box (that is figurative, you understand), in order to dispose of tickets for the benefit, are prompted by a noble motive. Friendship with them, and with all who have so cheerfully volunteered their services for the proposed performance, is something more than a name. Let us hope that the benefit will prove a rousing success. Meantime, our thoughts revert to Sothern and Florence in the auctioneer's role, and we offer due apologies for the appended:

TO EDWARD AND WILLIAM.

You have "sold" us full often with many a sham,
You have raised by your jokes a deuce of a clamor,
And though neither was ever *assailed* as a "Sham,"
Your *sale* of to-day was under the *hammer!*

.....So Maggie Mitchell has been winning the good opinion of Brooklynites during the past week at Col. Sinn's Park Theatre? Yes; and do you know why we asked that question? To give us the opportunity of saying that Brooklyn audiences beheld a familiar star in new *lines*. [Jamie Warren's remarks that we "are trying to put on *airs* in getting off that *ere*!—but we *air* not!].....And while we are talking about air, we desire to ventilate an opinion based upon careful scrutiny. There is a wonderful difference in the condition of theatrical people—a difference for which we are at a loss to account. For example, there is Jenny Hughes, who finds her lines cast in "Love Among the Roses," while Maud Granger weeps over "Broken Vows." There is Stella Boniface, happy in "Marriage," while a score of her professional sisters are miserable in "Divorce." There is—but why enumerate more? It is sufficiently apparent that our play-actors are not on a plane of equality, and that they never will be while so much depends on *cast*.....To-night, if the promise of the playbills does not disappoint us, Tony Pastor will welcome his city friends at his Broadway Theatre after an absence of several months. Unlike the majority of pastors, Tony doesn't spend his Summer vacations in idleness. He plays, to be sure, but when he *plays* most he works hardest. [This is susceptible to proof.] It will be as natural as proper that people should *flock* to see the Pastor.....No, James, "The Thumping Process" which has recently been adopted at the San Francisco Minstrels is not like the thumping you were wont to receive in your school-days, although in both a Birch plays a part.

.....We desire to enter our protest against a evil which we fear may grow to gigantic proportions. Openly and unblushingly, our old friend Ben Coleman advertises "The Cotton Combination." Think of it! Are we to be compelled again to pay thirty cents a yard for muslin, as we were during the days of the war? And if not, why should there be a Cotton Combination?.....And that very subject of cotton suggests clothing, which, in turn, calls to mind the announcement made by Fannie Louise Buckingham to the effect that the costumes which she furnishes for "Mazeppa" cost three thousand dollars. Of course, we wouldn't question the lady in any way, but really, after witnessing "Mazeppa," it puzzles us to understand how she manages to consume so much dress without making the fact apparent. Miss Buckingham's earrings and shoes must cost a deal of money!.....The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children got off the scent last week when they sought to stop a California acrobat from tumbling. They went in at the wrong Dorr, it appears, just as the lad turned up, according to law, in another quarter. *Explanation.*—Dorr is the name of the man who brought up the boy, and behaved like a father to him.....Should you hear bloods singing the "Cuckoo Song," you should not imagine the singer to be Aimee, as some of you would be likely to do were it not for this notice.....When the circus comes to town, and opens the season at Gilmore's Garden, you will see Mlle. Dockrill do some riding that will make you sick of your own vile attempts to navigate a horse through the mazes of Central Park. You'll see!.....In addition to the other inducements to visit the Theatre Comique, we would respectfully state that Messrs. Harrigan and Hart will provide a Little Todd for their patrons this week.....As we walked along Fifth avenue between 12 and 1 o'clock yesterday our heart was made glad by the sight of so many gorgeously-attired people coming from church. We felt happy to know that there was *some* good people in this city, no matter what *The Timber Creek Banner* may say to the contrary. It may have been wicked, but we couldn't help remarking how cheerful that throng could make a man feel at $1.50 each for a reserved orchestra stall.

.....They have been getting down to the true inwardness of the materialization business in Philadelphia during the past week. Yes, the whole secret of these wonderful seances has come to light, and Bliss no longer dwells in bliss. A young woman by the name of Snyder confesses that she furnished the material for all the materializations. And apropos of this assertion, we are led to emblaim in verse

THE TALE OF SPIRITUAL BLISS.
The fame of spiritualistic Bliss
Will never reach out wider—
We've had some mediums *snide* ere this,
But now we have one—Snyder!

.....When Senator Spencer looked into the face of his bride he doesn't say she is as lovely as June and fair as the morn is. Oh, no. He says; "Thou art as lovely as *May* and as fair as the *noon is* (Nuness). [And if Senator Spencer had never married Miss May Nunez this would have been lost to the world. Pity of it!].....It is said of a clarionet-player who died in Maine recently that he could play a thousand tunes from memory. With all due respect to his memory we cannot refrain from thinking what misery this man must have caused in boarding-houses.....There was a time when the song-and-dance man was content to subscribe himself "a burnt-cork artist;" but in the mighty onward march of civilization he has developed into "the only refined and truthful impersonator of the eccentricities of the Ethiopian and tuneful Ethiopian." Yes, that is the way they sling the dictionary now-a-days at the head of an inoffensive public.....It's a solemn fact that the proprietor of a Nebraska variety hall has been forced to close up his house because he advertised to produce "The Forty Thieves." The patrons came around with bowie knives and things and informed him that he couldn't make an open exhibition of the citizens like that!.....Did it fall under your observation that Laura E. Dainty, who made her début some time ago as a dramatic reader, is to take to the lecture platform this Winter? It was Byron, wasn't it, we are sure it was Byron—who claimed that intellectual women are always sour? James, let us grind out, in answer to the author of "Don Juan:"

A DAINTY RHYME.

If Byron we should chance to meet,
We'd tell him women may be
Both intellectual and sweet,
And show to him a lady—
By way of proving his mistake—
Whom, if he sought to paint, he
Could be in duty bound to make
Not only sweet but dainty.

.....And speaking of lectures, a sister of Anna Dickinson is announced to mount the rostrum during the present season. The say she can talk like the *chickens on* almost any subject, and is as analytic as Anna.....We have wasted five minutes in a vain endeavor to say something funny about Mlle. Alexandre Humar, the opera singer who recently arrived in this country; and we are forced to give it up, although thoroughly convinced that it is a humar-ous subject.....Why, yes. Of course. While Mr. William Borst as business-manager, why shouldn't Adah Richmond's burlesque company be *racy?* [Before this we desire to make a desire to explain that Mr. Borst was formerly connected with the turf. We now await Borst-rious applause.]

FACT AND FANCY FOCUSED.

Elmira, N. Y., made up a purse of $100, and on Oct. 5 forwarded it to this city as a contribution to the Edwin Adams benefit.....Moriz Lehman, distinguished abroad as a scientific writer, has just died in Pesth. Born in Dresden in 1819, he became connected with the Royal Theatre there, afterwards went to the Carl Theatre, Vienna, and ultimately located in Pesth.....John Brougham, while at the Eldredge House, Albany, on Oct. 2, was robbed of his watch and chain and a diamond locket, his room having been entered burglariously while he slept.....Mr. Reuben B. Springer, who gave the Cincinnati a splendid music hall and an immense organ, has put up $30 in gold, divided into ten prizes, for the best designs for carving for the case containing the instrument.....Prof. Cooke, assisted by Mrs. Miller of Memphis, tried to tear spiritualism to tatters at the Norfolk, Va., Opera-House on Sept. 26.....For the first time in its strange, eventful history, Pike's Opera-House, Cincinnati, has been wholly given over to amateurs, the Davenport Club having formally appropriated it on Oct. 4 by a performance.....Miss Helen M. Fuller has been chosen secretary of the Shakespeare Club of Albany, N. Y.....The Southern Minstrels, amateur organization of Norfolk, Va., appear to-night at Bowden's Hall, Petersburg, Va.....Miss Mary E. Baxter, who resides near Perrysville, Gentry County, Mo., weighs 126 pounds, and is only a few months over eight years old.....Over 25,000 persons visited the Cincinnati Zoological Garden last month—an improved attendance in keeping with the improvement in the morals of the other animals.....Mc-Evoy's Hibernicon visits Richmond, Va., to-night for the first time in four years.....Miss Kate Field is in Paris, as also, of necessity, is Miss Mary Keemle, the young American actress.....The new Music Hall, Cincinnati, is looming up finely to-day.....Thomas Donaldson, a Baltimore lawyer conspicuous for his familiarity with Shakespeare, died in that city on Oct. 4, aged 62.....In Rochester, N. Y., theatre-tickets are purchased as physic is, viz., at the drug stores.....Joe Wade was married in Cincinnati on the 3d inst.....He goes to San Francisco, where he has been before.....Mme. Viola A. Pomeroy was to have given "a spiritual musical séance" at Young Men's Christian Association Hall, San Francisco, Oct. 1, as part of a parlor-concert novelty.....Miss Annie Louise Cary was to have sung at the Bush-street Theatre, San Francisco, for the benefit of Caroline Richings-Bernard, and didn't.....The mother of Miss Anne Story, the recent debutante, has obtained a clerkship in the Treasury Department, Washington.....Mme. H. S. Jaffa, who for nearly fifteen years has been teaching music in San Francisco, has settled from that city for Europe, to visit the leading musical "conservatories."..... A son of Sims Reeves is said to be preparing for a first appearance in Italian operas.....Witham, Aug. Daly's scenic artist for years past, has gone to the Grand Opera-house, San Francisco, as also have Edwin F. Thorne and his fresh bride, the widow of Frank Murdoch.....Christine Nilsson is announced to leave Paris Oct. 9, her ultimate destination being Russia.....Miss Sara Wilson has vacated her place on the Lighthouse Board, Washington, D. C., and gone roaming with Kate Claxton. May Clayton is her new name.....Michael Angelo is president of a society of whitewashers in Tennessee.....Prof. Pratt, horse-educator, of Batavia, N. Y., is critically ill of typhoid fever at Derby Line, Vt.....James Alberry, whose comedies are almost as numerous as trees in a shad, thinks of writing a drama as a new departure.....Miss Potter, who as been mimicking John R. Gough, is this season to add to her list of imitations Miss Fanny Kemble reading from "The Tempest" and Lord Dundreary.....Rev. William Parsons, Irish orator, who will lecture on "Old Homes and His Days," is expected to arrive here about the 25th inst.....E. E. Shaw, the concert manager who was charged with swindling at Worcester, Mass., was honorably discharged on Oct. 3, and after leaving the court room paraded the streets in a carriage, labelled "Snow the Swindler," accompanied by his troupe and a band, he distributing bills for his concert.....John T. Ford Jr., on Sept. 30, gave a banquet in Richmond, Va., in honor of John W. McCullough.....Miss Inez Sexton of Chicago, and a pupil of Fred Root, is to go to Italy to complete her musical education and to change her maiden name to something monstrous, like all the other Americans who strike Italy.....W. S. Andrews, an actor, will re-enter the lecture field this season with a new subject.....Prof. Wilbur F. Gale, organist, died recently in Covington, Ky. He had played in many churches East and West, had given many concerts, and was a composer and teacher. His remains were sent to Boston, Mass., where his brother and parents reside.....Chiseled in marble white as alabaster" is what they say of Pauline Markham in Titusville, Pa. Who told 'em? And of Adah Richmond: "There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip—her very foot speaks." Old (not Adah), but good.....Leis is to have a chance at last. "Married and Not Married" is to introduce him as a playwright on Oct. 13 at the Academy of Music, this city.....The Paris sensation of "The Bottom of the Sea," adapted by Hart Jackson, is booked for the Grand Opera-house, San Francisco, and Mabel Leonard rehearsed for the boy Biddies in "Marriage." To make up her case, she S. F. C. C. is making a pretty kettle of fish of it. How quickly it would drop her, were she able to command a salary of but five dollars a week, instead of thirty.....Dion Boucicault was in Chicago Oct. 5.....Mrs. E. L. Davenport, it is stated, will present her late husband's wardrobe to the profession, instead of selling it.....*The Mimonk* (Ill.) *Times* asks us to notify amusement troupes intending to travel that they will "learn something to their advantage" by addressing that paper before laying out their routes.....Samuel Kinsley, treasurer of Ford's Theatre, Washington, is accused of having written a play.....Miss Blanche Avery is the stage-name of a Chicagoan who will shortly make her début in Chicago as an operatic vocalist.....Dan Simpson, the erratic comedian of the "Ancients and Honorables" of Boston, celebrated his eighty-sixth birthday on Sept. 29.....In Wills' "England in the Days of Charles I," at Drury-lane, London, there are a cast of thirty-five people and seventeen different scenes and acts.....It is a huge panorama, in effect.....Frederic Robinson has returned to the stage temporarily, to aid Kate Claxton.....London was at a standstill squibs at Helen Barry, who recently married the wealthy Major Rolls.....Nellie Farren's hair, the lady being too tall for them to pass harmlessly over her head. The latest hit is richer in rhyme than in point:

"Sweet Helen Barry,
To wedlock's charm thou turnest,
Resigning minor roles to play
The leading part—a Farren!"

.....Paris, France, has unearthed a secret. It is that young Gye, son of the British operatic magnate, some time ago secretly married Mlle. Albani.....William Creswick, the English tragedian, is playing in Australia.....A contemporary states that "Maud Brandcombe is the best photographed actress in the world." Where, then, are Maud Granger come in?.....Ten-cent concerts have been instituted in Cincinnati, this city.....David Stanton, the noted penman, who as a musical lad sang in church choirs, died in this city Oct. 7, aged 45.....In Baltimore, Md., Nov. 23, Edwin Adams was to have publicly read in aid of the Ladies' Relief Commission Societies of that city, and he probably did. Rochester having contributed towards the Adams benefit, let us hear from Buffalo.....Mrs. Agnes Booth and Melida Heron read at Concert Hall, Philadelphia, for the benefit of the sick and wounded soldiers of that city. Of course Philadelphia will be heard from.

CITY SUMMARY.

"MARRIAGE," a comedy, had its original presentation alike at Wallack's Theatre, this city, and at the Museum, Philadelphia, on Oct. 1. Leaving its author to the "critics," and leaving the "critics" to the estimation in which it are held among themselves and throughout "Printing-house Square," let it suffice that it reflects some credit upon the writer of "The Fox Hunt," "Vanity Fair," "The Irish Heiress," "Love in a Maze," "Love and Money," and "Old Heads and Young Hearts," not forgetting his adaptation of "Masks and Faces" and his out-stock "Soldier of Fortune" and "London Assurance." These works are enumerated because there seems to be a widespread idea that the concocter of a thousand-and-one dramas, burlesques and comediettas has written but one comedy prior to this, and that "London Assurance." Before he "Married" in earnest, a new comedy by Dion Boucicault was looked forward to as an important theatrical event in this city, and comedy from him ran as long as anybody else's. Agnes Robertson twenty-four years ago began to coin money in dramas and comediettas, and since then her husband has given us but a single comedy prior to the present one, and that was nearly twenty years ago. "Marriage" is perhaps all the better for having been so long in coming. Its lack of profound plot is atoned for in the interest being sustained by a profusion of incident. At Wallack's Theatre it is quite artistically mounted and almost artistically played, but neither that mounting nor that playing is indispensable. The comedy is largely independent of Wallack's or any other fine company, as is "The School for Scandal" fell flattest when it received the finest setting it has ever known, so "Marriage," although it may be aided by the names of great actors, does not depend upon their presence. It is an acceptable, through the sparkle of its language, of playing itself. Indeed, the old members, from whom Wallack's company was supposed to derive its strength, contribute little towards the success of this play unless it be in the invisible but material way of aid and comfort to the newcomer. Beckett as John Persimmons is Beckett only, and, as George Boniface is unlike Beckett, we marvel much what Persimmons in Philadelphia is like; Arnott never Persimmons is aught but Arnott, though he may unavoidably be a better or worse one at some times than at others, and as Constant Tiff he is neither better nor worse than Archibald Meek, Montague is so physically feeble in his meekness, so like George Parkes as De Hass in "The Big Bonanza," so queer a creature for a man, that after he had ended Fanny Tarbox the wonder is if her fate is to be that of Michael W. Balfe's daughter Victoria, and if the curtain will drop finally upon a divorce; John Gilbert, unequaled as an old man with a cane and in knee-breeches, is unfortunately, as Silas Auldjo, an old man without a cane and out of "Rosedale" it is no easy task for Effie Germon to be pathetic, and the agony of remorse piled upon Virginia, to say nothing of her being required to play the mother of a boy old enough to marry and to vote, are things for her completely; while Mme. Ponisi will not cause her fame to be remembered for her acting of Mrs. Tarbox. Mrs. Holland, as his wont, again suppresses Holland, but there is not enough of Mudgeon to direct the attention to the actor's sacrifice of personality; and Mrs. Sefton, as the old maid Miss Sniffle, does a nice bit of characterization, but it is only a bit. These comprise all the old members of Wallack's company. The newcomers are Manufactory. Stella Boniface, Miss Rose Coghlan, Miss Pearl Eytinge, and Eben Plympton. The last lady, entrusted with Rosalie Persimmons, has much to do with tying and untying the knots of the play, but the little she has to do with her own behalf is done wholly in the French language. The other three newcomers are the life of the piece. Miss Coghlan returns to America much improved, reappearing at the same house from which she withdrew temporarily in April of 1873. She is to be the leading-lady at Wallack's, and her fresh and independent handling of Mrs. Constant Tiff, her avoidance of old methods, and her reliance upon an intonation that, if not always grateful to the ear, has at all events the appreciable merit of being her own and not somebody else's, implies that, unlike too many of our leading-ladies, she will at least not imitate Clara Morris at the first chance to do so. Eben Plympton (Walter Auldjo) made his mark mainly through his intonation, which was backed up by ingenuousness and by a vivacity that was helpful to Montague's automatonism after the first act. Miss Stella Boniface, whom we have no intention to flatter at this critical period in her career, has advanced sufficiently in her two years' novitiate to fit the part of Rosalie Persimmons as snugly as her waist was fitted by the wedding-gown in which parental solicitude and the dressmaker had clothed her. She was simplicity to a charm, which is what the author had designed that Fanny should be. She has passed through a memorable year in her professional life, and for the manner of that passage of much thanks to Montague, who aided her as the skilled artist alone can without seeming to do it. There was one other newcomer—a boy, name not given, who played Biddies. The traditional small-boy of the stage is as full-grown novice—if clever, the least said about him the better for his cleverness hereafter. The remaining characters were Josephine and Celia, mere auxiliaries, and filled by Meta Bartlett and Miss Thornton.

THE OLYMPIC THEATRE opened Oct. 1, under the management of T. Canary, and with the list of attractions and company as reported in our past issue. Smoking and drinking were allowed in the auditorium during the performances until Wednesday night, when they were stopped by the police authorities. After that night four intermissions of five minutes each, during the programme, enabled those who were thirsty to quench their thirst at a bar-room, a short pilgrimage to the shrine of Bacchus, located in a separate apartment in the front of the theatre. Those who remained in their seats were entertained by music by the band, who laid aside their stringed and reed instruments and substituted brass. This may have been intended as a delicate intimation that those in their seats should have followed their predecessors, or at least some of them seemed to construe it so. The company was strong, and the programme attractive. Mafitt and Bartholomew appeared in their mirth-provoking sketch of "Smiths and Browns," being ably supported by W. H. Danvers, Lizzie Edwards, Lottie Murray and Mr. and Mrs. Florance. Irene Murdock as a vocalist met with favor. Sandy McKee and George Turner, under the title of the Mc-Kees, appeared together for the first time in this city, and achieved quite a success by their performance of "Mischief." Mr. Turner sings and dances well, and bids fair to satisfactorily supply the place of the late Stevie Rogers. After an intermission, Mlle. Adele Pagliori, Signor Novissimo and four second dancers gave a little ballet called "The Dream of a Slave;" Mlle. Bonnati and Albert Friere gave some difficult equilibristic feats upon a Japanese ladder; Alice Somers was seen in songs-and-dances in male attire; Alla Hallig gave a clever performance upon flying rings; and Frederick Lord in a well-acted plantation sketch brought the second part to a close. After selections by the brass band, Albert Friere exhibited his skill in juggling while poised upon a slack-wire; Bobby Newcomb (after the first night, when the non-arrival of his music forced him to appear in citizens' dress, and apologize by giving imitations of operatic singers) gave the freshest of his songs-and-dances, which were cordially received; Val Vose in his ventriloquial dialogues more than confirmed the good opinion we have hitherto expressed of him; John Hogan the same to advantage in his specialty of "Alabaster Liz;" and Andrew Gaffney won liberal applause while juggling with large-sized cannon-balls. The fourth and last part was devoted to J. S. Maffitt's military pantomime, entitled "Under First Fire," founded upon scenes in the present strife between Russia and Turkey. James S. Maffitt was first seen as Kibosky, a miller's man, and, later, as a raw recruit, causing no little laughter. W. H. Bartholomew acted Polenski, a rich old miller, and subsequently Hissi Osman, a Bashi-bazouk. During the pantomime there was a Russian military dance and a realistic battle-scene, including a hand-to-hand conflict between Cossacks and Bashi-bazouks, the supporting cast including Andy Leavitt, W. H. Danvers, D. Harris, W. Murray, W. Hildebrand, P. Walters, Miss Lottie Murray and the corps de ballet. The attendance was large during the week.

WM. RODNEY, assistant property-man in Niblo's Garden, died somewhat suddenly Oct. 3. On the afternoon of Oct. 2 he was discovered by Manager Fleming lying upon a lounge in the theatre, and evidently suffering from illness. Mr. Fleming at once told him to go home and remain until he had recovered. The following day intelligence reached the theatre that he was dead, and that inflammation of the peritoneum had been the cause. He was a native of this city, and about 20 years

DRAMATIC AFFAIRS in Cincinnati to Oct. 6 are furnished as appended by our correspondent: "Lawrence Barrett opened a two weeks' season at the Grand Opera-house 1, appearing during the first week in 'Hamlet,' 'Marble Heart,' 'Othello,' 'Julius Cæsar,' 'Richelieu,' 'Inconstant' and 'Richard III.' Biz good. 'Money' is to be given 8, and 11 will be produced, for the first time on any stage, W. D. Howells' comedy, 'A Counterfeit Presentment.' The combination supporting Mr. Barrett is very strong in gentlemen, the leading members of the company being W. H. Power, John A. Lane, H. A. Langdon, H. B. Hudson, John Marble, H. C. Barton, Edwin Pierce, C. W. Vance, Nelly Cummins and Kate Baker. Mr. Lane, in particular, hitherto unknown here, made a strong impression by his vigorous impersonation of Volsage and Marc Antony. The Lingards open 15, Boucicault 22, Fanny Davenport Nov. 5. Manager Miles left for New York 4.....At Robinson's Opera-house John T. Raymond during his second week produced 'Sellers' 1, 2, 3, 4, and Jim Fenton 5, 6. The support and *mise en scene* were excellent. Houses large. Frank Frayne opens 8, Edwin Booth 22.....At Wood's Theatre Jennie Hughes and Combination have performed 'Love Among the Roses' to a moderate business. The support was fair. Thompson opens 8 and Lizzie Richmond 15.....The Wallner (German) Theatre opened its season at Robinson's Opera-house Sept. 30 in a piece entitled 'O Diese Maenner' (These Men). There was a jammed house and a very spirited performance. Performances will be given regularly at Robinson's Sunday evenings, and at Melodeon Hall Fridays. The company is as follows: Theodore Klotz, heavy man; Ludwig Lenhard, walking gent; H. Wallner, first comedian and tenor buffo; Jean Baureis, second comedian; R. Gotthard, second walking gent; Gretz, soubrette; Wilhelmina L.

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MISS EMMA BRETTO,
THE DASHING SERIO-COMIC VOCALIST, ELEGANT WARDROBE AND PRETTY SONGS,
opened at WOOD'S THEATRE, Cincinnati, Monday, Sept. 24, two weeks; FOURTH-AVENUE THEATRE, Pittsburg, Sept. 31. TO ALL LEGITIMATE VARIETY MANAGERS: I would respectfully recommend the above lady as a first-class attraction in every respect. She is one of the best cards that have appeared in Pittsburg this season.
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the celebrated Antipodean Gymnast, Tight-rope Artist, etc., would like to make arrangements with any responsible party going South this coming Winter. Address
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COMMENCING MONDAY, OCT. 15,
FOR ONE WEEK ONLY,
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THE MILITARY SENSATION.
FROM THE
THEATRE FOLIES DES BERGERE,
PARIS, FRANCE.
Opened at Theatre Comique, New York, Oct. 1, with great success.
Managers who want a
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Consider silence a very respectful negative. 29-1t*

NOTICE.
LITTLE TODD,
The Great German Wonder,
commences an engagement at the Theatre Comique, Monday, Oct. 8, in his celebrated performance on the Column of Gold. All those who wish to see this wonderful boy-artist must embrace the present opportunity, as his stay is limited to one week only. All letters to be addressed to his tutor and manager,
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A GREAT SUCCESS IN NEW YORK.
READ THE FOLLOWING:
At the Theatre Comique an almost entirely new company formed the attraction since Sept. 24, playing to good business. Blanche and Leona Fontainebleau gave a skilful exhibition of hat-spinning. * * * Perhaps the most marked hit of the evening was made by little Ella Fontainebleau, who, after her eldest sister had successfully performed a neat song-and-dance, toddled upon the stage attired like a fashionable lady, and in evening dress. The charming grace with which she imitated the manners of a young lady of the period impressed the audience in her favor ere she commenced to sing; and when she vocalized "Du Da Day" in close imitation of Miss Emma Day, laughter was heard from all parts of the house; various bits of by-play, archly accomplished, elicited fresh expressions of mirth, especially the moving of the train of her dress with her foot, after the manner of our best actresses. In response to a recall, she and her sister, attired in grotesque garb, gave "The Funny Gals," during which her contortions, dancing and poses caused shouts of laughter.—NEW YORK CLIPPER, Oct. 6.
OPEN AT TONY PASTOR'S Nov. 5, and RETURN TO THEATRE COMIQUE Dec. 3. For vacant dates, address
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THE ONLY FIRST-CLASS PLACE OF AMUSEMENT IN THE CITY. HAS NINE DIFFERENT EXITS.
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Patronized by the Wealth, Fashion and Elite of Syracuse. Large stage, with all the latest improvements, Traps, Calcium Lights, etc., etc. New and elegant scenery, comprising 80 pair of flats. Endorsed and patronized by all the leading Stars and Combinations in America.
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ROWING SHIRTS	each...$1 00 to 4 50
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CALF STOCKING PADS	per pair...4 00
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LONG BURLESQUE SWORD & DANCE SHOES 12, 13, 14, and 15 inches	per pair...6 50
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ABOUT
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DR. METCHEAR'S
LITTLE NONDESCRIPT SHOW,
At Brocton Fair, Oct. 3, 4, 5.
NEW YORK MERCURY, OCT. 6.
And the little nondescript show is THERE, and always goes to the end of the route advertised, and pays all BILLS PROMPTLY, and the people are always glad to see him the second time, and the Dr. can get MORE FAVORS GRANTED in the NEW ENGLAND STATES, where he has traveled, than any showman without exception, who have ever exhibited that way. He has not had to pay for NEWSPAPER ADS. but once, with one exception, and that was in a weekly newspaper published in New York, which the Dr. always advertised in and SETTLED WITH PROMPTLY ON RECEIPT OF BILL, and also settled bill No. 2 (and he was not the only one that had No. 2 sent them), but he has never advertised with said paper since.
This fully gives an account of the milk in the COCOANUT.
Blast No. 1. Dr. Metchear has spent a small fortune in advertising old circus property.
Blast No. 2. Dr. Metchear's Nondescript Show, Brocton, Oct. 3, 4, 5.
Now give us No. 3, and give us a good one, for I think I will live where anyone can; and if there is anyone who wants to PURCHASE for CASH OR LEASE CIRCUS PROPERTY, or sell the same for CASH, or any party on the road in want of a cash partner, or, in fact, if you want anything in circus or sideshow property, address
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Washington Hotel, Providence, R. I.
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TROUPE OF
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WM. O'NEIL.....Business-manager
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None but first-class artists need apply. Address
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GEORGE HANLON, Manager Hanlon-Lee's Troupe. 20-26t*

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FIRST-CLASS VARIETY THEATRES
ON OR ABOUT
NOVEMBER 26, 1877.
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JOSEPH HARRY
ARTHUR AND BENNETT
COMBINATION.
W. H. G. DE VEER - - - - - - - - - MANAGER
WE SAIL NEXT THURSDAY, OCT. 11, on the German steamship Maas for EUROPE on a business tour through the principal cities of Europe, visiting Rotterdam, Antwerp, Brussels, Paris, London and Liverpool,
RETURNING IN THE FALL OF 1878.
We return thanks to managers for offers made. All letters, both PRIVATE and BUSINESS, address until Nov. 1 care NEW YORK HERALD Bureau, Avenue De l'Opera, Paris, France; after that to HERALD Bureau, Fleet street, London, England.
NOTE.—We wish to commend to all our friends the hospitable Mansion House, Keyport, New Jersey (as a Summer resort), having spent two of the pleasantest months of our lives there this Summer. The hotel is kept by our congenial friend N. JOHNSON
29-1t* JOS. ARTHUR, HARRY BENNETT, W. H. G. DE VEER.

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HARRIGAN & HART.....PROPRIETORS
M. W. HANLEY.....MANAGER
MR. NEIL BURGESS
IN THE ONE-ACT COMEDY, WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR HIM BY ED. HARRIGAN, ENTITLED
MY WIFE'S MOTHER.
IN ACTIVE PREPARATION, THE FARCICAL COMEDY BY B. E. WOOLF, ENTITLED
MOTHER-IN-LAW.
29-1t

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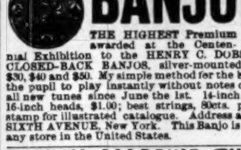

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STARS AND SENSATIONS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
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To Singers and Orchestra Leaders.
ORCHESTRAL PARTS
for Under the Daisies, Speak, Oh! Speak to Me Again, The Pilot (duet), The Love Bird, The Milkmaid's Song, Say not Farewell, If You Love Me Tell Me So, 'Neath the Grass and Daisies White, Those Haunting Eyes, Dear Little Heart, by
HARRISON MILLARD,